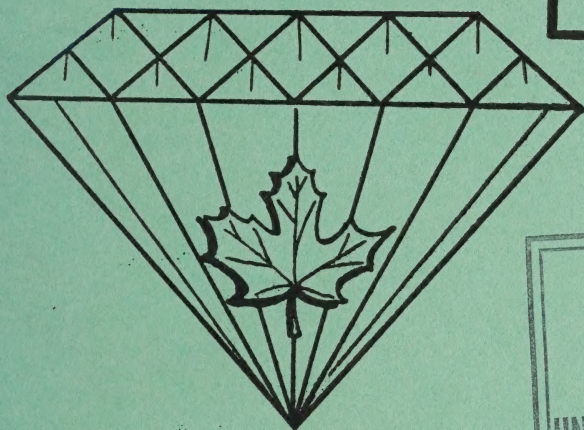
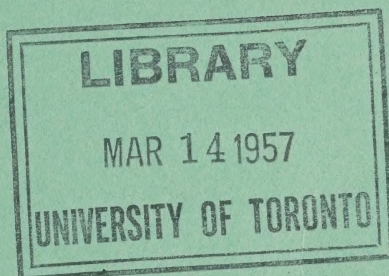


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*March
Issue*



THE DIAMOND

FOUNDED 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY

with the permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON

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and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND

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CENSUS (Jan, 31, 1957)

Total Population	451	Recieved	18
High Number	4660	Disch. by Expiry	5
Low Number	3254	Tickets of Leave	Nil.
Transferred to K.P.	5		

HAS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED?

See convenient renewal form on back

COLLIN'S BAY DIAMOND - MARCH -

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

.... A Philosopher

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— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.

3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.

4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.

5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

Editorial Musings

William Huddleston

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NOW that the build up to—and let down after — the holiday season seems all in the past, the interrupted flow of jail house wisdom, yak-yak, balderdash, gobbledegook and other forms of verbal fertilizer have resumed their normal course and are fast reaching a peak pitch. Every load of 'draftees' entering these walls has in it its usual complement of big-time operators, but those of most recent vintage have had a preponderance of 'first-timers' —or so they claim. We have always enjoyed the tales of great exploits we have laid on us by the former from time to time, and even to the 'first-timers' we have lent sympathetic ears: however, after reading the following in *The Restorator*, one of the most refreshing of the penal publications, we wonder???? If any man can convince us he is a first-timer in view of the facts outlined, we will gladly donate to him a life-long subscription to the *Diamond*. Please read on and you will see what we mean.

"After diligent reseach, we have discovered that there is no such thing as a first timer. The explanation is quite simple.

When you were an infant in your crib, you yelled and disturbed the entire household. **THIS IS DISORDERLY CONDUCT.**

At the age of five, you stealthily made your way into the kitchen and stole some jam while your mother was occupied elsewhere. **THIS IS PETTY LARCENY.**

As a boy of ten, you played hooky from school to go fishing, and wrote an answer to the teacher, signing your father's name. **THIS IS FORGERY.**

Reaching manhood, you married, and at the church you promised to love and cherish. **THIS IS PERJURY.**

You keep quarrelling with your wife until you finally burn her up. **THIS IS ARSON.**

After your divorce you kept out of trouble until you were forty, and then married a girl of nineteen. Shame on you—you're cradle-snatching that way. **THIS IS KIDNAPPING.**

But the pay-off comes when you sit out in the yard and have the gall to tell your bored

audience that you are here on a bum rap. **THIS IS MURDER."**

As were outlined in these pages some months ago, any member of the staff is always willing and pleased to help any man write any letters to relations, business people or the Justice Department in his interests, and we are gratified that many have taken advantage of our offer. It is still open, so just approach us when you care to, and your confidence will be respected.

January was a very slack month insofar as discharges and tickets were concerned, but the pace accelerates as the year unfolds. We have been talking with a large number of fellows lately who have their months down to single digits now: it seems like only last month when we were discussing the same subject, and the months then were in the high teens. As somebody or other says: "tempus fugit if you don't fidgit."

The number of contributions is noticeably increasing, and we are duly grateful to them. There is lots of room for more, fellows, so if you have anything to say, whether it be humorous or sad, good or bad, sane or mad, just hand it in and if we can't publish it, we will explain the reason to you. Why not give it a try? We are waiting for it.

Since writing the above, we have received the following letter, which we reprint complete.

Colonel V. Richmond,
Collon's Bay Penitentiary,
P.O. Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

The Commissioner for Penitentiaries has asked me to write you re a project he has approved. I am collecting verse and prose written by inmates of the penitentiaries of the entire English-speaking world.

In Canada, I shall consider whatever appears in the institutions' monthly magazines.

LURE OF THE TROPICS

So you want to go to the tropics,
Heard all you had to do
Was lie in the shade of a coconut glade
And let those dollars roll into you.

They told you that at The Beaver,
Did you get your statistics straight?
Well, listen to what it did to another kid
Before you decide your fate

You don't go down with a short, hard fall,
You sort of shuffle along
'Till you loosen your load in the moral code,
And you don't know right from wrong.

I started off being honest,
Played everything on the square,
But you just can't fool with the golden rule
And a crowd that don't play fair.

It's a case of running a dirty race,
Or being 'also ran,'
My only hope was to steal some dope
And the horse of another man.

I pulled a deal and got conneal
In an Inca silver mine,
And before they found it was solid ground,
I was safe in the Argentine

I pulled fast weight on the River Plate,
While running a freighter there,
And I cracked a safe on a rich estate
Without even turning a hair.

But the deal that will everlastingly
Bar me from heaven's doors,
Was selling booze to the Santa crews
And Winchester forty-fours.

Made unafraid by my timely aid,
The drink crazed brutes went down,
And left a burning, smouldering mass
Of a flourishing border town.

I was next in charge of a smuggler's barge
Off the coast of Uncondore.
She sank to hell off Cassenell,
One night in a hurricane.

The other two of the ship's good crew
Converted into shark.
On a broken oar I made the shore
In the filthy, shrieking dark.

From a limestone cliff I flagged a ship
With a pair of salt-soaked jeans,
And I worked my way, for I couldn't pay,
On a freighter to New Orleans.

But it's like a habit, the tropics,
It gets you worse than rum.
You go away and you swear you'll stay,
But it calls, and back you come.

Six years went by before
I was back on the job,
Running a war in Salvador
At the head of a black-faced mob.

I was General San Diego Hicks,
At the head of a revolt
My only friend from the start to end
Was a punishing army colt.

I might have been a president,
A man of prosperous means,
But a gunboat came and blocked my game
With a hundred and ten Marines.

I sank as low as a man can go
Who walks with an empty purse,
I wanted to leave, but I could not go,
For I was down with the tropical curse.

I was flat on my back, nowhere to turn,
For I was down with the yellow jack,
When she came along and found me there,
And she cared and nursed me back.

There was pride and grace in her proud, young
face,

And here was the blood of kings,
Her eyes, they shone of empires gone,
And her lips spoke of worldly things.

We were spliced in an old Yankee meeting-place
In the land of our Uncle Sam,
And I collected my pay from the USA
For I worked on the Nagata dam.

But the devil had sent his right-hand man
And I should have expected he would,
And with a long, thin knife he took her life
And she was straight and good.

Inside me died hope, honour, pride,
All but the primitive will
To hunt on his blood-red trail,
Find him, kill, and kill.

Through long wood swamp and chickle camp
I hunted many a moon,
And I found him there in a long pit pen,
By the side of a blue lagoon.

The chase was as on the farthest shore,
The end of my two-year quest,
And I left him there with a vacant stare,
And a dagger in his breast.

Now you see these punctures upon my arm,
And you want to know what they mean.
Well, they were left by the fingers deft
Of my trained nurse, Miss Morphine.

There's a homestead down in old Maine town
With flowers 'round the gate.
And the people there whisper and stare
Of the thing that might have been.

So whatever the way, whatever the play
For stakes both large and small,
The hand of the tropics will get you, pal,
And the Devil gets them all.

—Anonymous

YES-YOU!

W.G.J.

IT is with a certain amount of hesitation and trepidation that I write an article concerning alcoholics and A.A., and my reasons are twofold. First, I am only acquainted with the organisation through members I have met: second, I am not sympathetic to alcoholics. However, since reading the folder 'Who—Me?' and discussing the matter with some of the roster with whom I am presently incarcerated, I take the liberty of outlining some thoughts on the matter. May I state emphatically that any criticism herein is meant to be constructive and thought-provoking, and I hope earnestly that it will be received in the manner it is offered. I do not detract in any way from the accomplishments attained by the organization, but rather direct my thoughts to individual members and pose a question for them to ask themselves: "Is blaming liquor not the easy, lazy way of excusing what I should have done for myself?"

First, I do not regard the self-styled and medically-categorised alcoholics, as determined by your Twenty Questions, as ill, or having an obsession of the mind coupled with an "allergy" of the body. These questions are intriguing. A man answering 'yes' to any three of them is an alcoholic BECAUSE that is the purpose behind the phraseology. How about the ads run by the great distilleries, viz 'Men Of Distinction' — how many 'yes' answers would you give to the following questions if the purpose of the questionnaire were to establish you as a SUCCESS?

- (1) Do you find your attendance record at your job is more regular because you can lay aside its problems at the close of each trying day and relax with a drink or two?
- (2) Do you enjoy a drink with your wife each night before dinner and a few in the quiet of the evening?
- (3) Do you drink because you like to mix with people and get to know them better?
- (4) Can your chief executive trust you to handle important customers with finesse and provide suitable social entertainment prior and subsequent to closing a big deal?
- (5) Have you earned promotion and enhanced

your income by drinking socially with the right people at the right time and in the right place?

(6) Have you closed almost impossible sales at 'the 19th hole'?

(7) Do you like company when you take a drink?

(8) Do you not feel that the man who drinks alone does so because he is mean and cheap? And so we could go on and establish that the man who answered 'yes' to any three of these questions has no fear of being an alcoholic and makes alcohol serve him rather than being a slave to alcohol.

There is a vast difference between a drinker and a drunkard, but the essential difference is strength of mind. I know many two-fisted drinkers who have no desire to stop or change and who are wholly intolerant of drunkards. Does this sound like a paradox? Actually, the reasoning is well based. No matter how kindly or hypocritically we dress it up, drunkenness is simply a sign of a weak will or gluttony. It may be called an illness, or an allergy, or escapism, but, you members of A.A., search your hearts and your consciences. You were not too ill to find the bar, nor too allergic to order, nor did you hesitate to pay. Did YOU have to keep lapping it up until the bottles were dry, or the bars closed, or your pockets were empty? Why was it possible for others to leave and not you? Was your tongue too weak to say no, or your arm too weak to push away a glass, or your legs too weak for locomotion?

I cannot help feeling that alcohol, like many other things in the world — money, power, fame, love or hatred — becomes a curse only in the hands of the weak. Within the past six months a man in Toronto was arrested for bank robbery and in his defence gave the following testimony: "I inherited a legacy of some ten thousand dollars and this spoiled me—I got a taste of high life and just had to steal more." Disgusting isn't it? Is the solution to his problem a society composed of destitute men and women sitting around swapping experiences and advising others to go broke as quickly as possible because they, the speakers, came dangerously close to disaster by having money in their pockets? Extreme, isn't it, and silly in the extreme? The comparison has a parallel in A.A. What would happen to research if the money piled up by men was destroyed at their death to prevent 'spoiling' of the weak willed? Fortunately we have a

preponderance of stronger-willed humans.

The point I am trying to make is simply this, and it is the most frequently levelled criticism at A.A. by drinkers and non-drinkers alike. Why do all members blame alcohol for all the trouble they get into? I do not dispute the fact for one minute that alcohol is a CONTRIBUTING factor to much of the trouble in which we find ourselves, but it is not the ONLY thing to blame. Thieves, forgers and other money criminals are screaming in concert with sex deviates, murderers and treasonists that they wouldn't have done it if they had not been drunk. That is bunkum of the highest order. Go to any large jail and ask the confirmed larcenists therein how they can get the lightest sentences for their crimes and they will all tell you they plead the same defence—"I was drinking."

I am sure that just about now you are terribly indignant and highly insulted. I can practically hear you saying "who does that character think he is calling weak-willed—let me at him." If this is so, I have done for you what you could not do for yourself—made you want to fight back! Good. Whether or not we admit it publicly, to ourselves we must acknowledge that we are perfectly aware of the direction in which our actions are leading and our folly is of our own making and NOT to be blamed on anyone or anything. In the Bible Adam said "the woman tempted me." But Eve alone was not banished from The Garden of Eden. Blaming someone else, so long popular,

has become second nature to most of us, but surely an inanimate bottle of alcohol cannot be the unconquerable dragon some would lead us to believe.

Within the past week I have had discussions with ten members of A.A., five of whom I felt were sincere and five about whom I was skeptical. Since talking with these men I am convinced the ratio has swung favourably to eight to two. This is very enlightening to me and must be most gratifying to the organisation. However — and this is important because it is the yardstick by which non-members measure members — of the eight, not one claimed he had been sick or that alcohol was an illness. Each admitted he had been weak. The others still insist they must continue to receive help because they are ill and cannot resist drinking to excess.

It is my firm conviction that if the platform of A.A. were to accent the weakness angle of drinking and diminish the illness angle, more sympathy and material help would be forthcoming. Are we not much happier to meet and carry on a conversation with a man who says "I was not strong last winter but I am fine now" than the whiner who says "I'm not well, I am a sick man." One of the highest attributes of humanity is the desire of the strong to come to the aid of the weak, but most clear-thinking people feel illness and malingering are closely related and all too frequently the offspring of laziness.

The Old Timer

I have a friend who is really quite old,
And he's been here before, I'm told
The feats he's performed are of really no fame,
But the screws all know him by his first name.
He's not very slim, and not very tall,
He's not too fat or really so small.
His character is likeable, I must admit,
And as far as I know, he won't throw a fit.
His little old face he never does shave,
I hear it's the blades he is trying to save.
But whenever you see him he's got a grin,
Starts at his nose and goes down to his chin.
He talks for hours, telling you a tale,
Then asks if you have any goodies for sale.
He plays cards all winter and the fall,
And in the summer goes out to play ball.
His age no one knows, but he's still quite a sprite,
I have heard it told he used to fight.
He will give you the clothes from his back, to a point,
Even though the clothes belong to the joint.
So if you meet this fellow, and become his friend,
There's one thing for sure — you'll have a pal 'til the end.

Bob Sedgewick

Name or Number?

Fred Marsden

WHEN we are born we are given a name, and just what each of us makes of this name is solely up to ourselves. At the time we receive the name, it can already be tainted and tarnished by one who has gone before, or it can be as pure as the new-fallen snow. But as children, the mischief we get into is readily overlooked because of our age, and as we grow older the guidance of our parents and the teachings in our schools impress upon the difference between right and wrong.

The next stage reached, and one through which all must go, is that of being teen-agers. The teen-agers of today are constantly in the public eye, and if they only realised it, many of the escapades they perpetrate and in which they find themselves are taking them well on the road to changing their names for numbers. Once this exchange is made, there is little future pleasantness, nor can the stigma attached to the number be readily got rid of. The writer speaks from experience.

We may turn to crime through fear, disgust or hurt — all draw their just due, as evidenced by the rapidly-increasing number of teen-agers in reformatories and penitentiaries across Canada today — but if we refuse to face every-day realities, realization is only brought about after many dull days behind grey prison walls and as many lonely nights looking through cell bars. By refusing to face realities I mean the idea so many young people get of having to be big-shots and throwing money around to impress people. If you make room for fear, disgust and hurt in your teens, and the money you must have to throw around is obtained dishonestly, the following well-known pattern all too frequently changes from impending probability to tragic actuality.

It may begin with the first date. You have money saved to buy some new piece of sports equipment, yet you must make an impression on the new girl. An extra buck is needed, and Mom's purse or Dad's wallet is in sight: the first couple of dollars are taken with every good intention of returning them from next week's allowance. You really don't enjoy your date through mixed fears of remorse and detection, but all passes safely. You next discover that your girl spends more time with

the boys who drive cars, and this idea gives you such a sense of disgust with your own position in the scheme of things that you decide to 'borrow' a car to create another impression. You succeed and go joy-riding: everything is exquisitely serene until you return the car. You quickly discover that you have traded three hours of pleasure for three months of loneliness — in jail. And this is only the beginning!

Your first fears of jail life rapidly dissolve as you discover that it is not as bad as you imagined it would be, and upon your release you return home, forgiven by Mom and Dad. You now receive your first hurt when your girl's parents refuse to receive you and forbid her to associate with you. You return to the old gang, who welcome you, mostly through curiosity, but once your effect on them as novelty has worn off, you begin to sense that you aren't as welcome as you were once. You start to find new pals — those you met in jail — and eventually form a gang. Petty thievery and bullying of your old friends is the preliminary operation, but one night you break into a store, stealing cigarettes and a small amount of cash. This was easy, and you continue on your merry way for three months or so, uncaught. Then — jail again for fifteen months.

During this time you learn many things about crime you never knew, and drinking seems a smart thing to do. You have also become firmly convinced that to work is only for suckers and you will put to use some of the new methods you have learned of making an easy dollar. In this frame of mind you are released.

For some time you seem remarkably successful, and this drinking business — well, that's the answer! False courage, false security, false importance — all can be bought in tall, cool glasses in a seductive atmosphere. This may not go on forever, but man! why turn back now? On this particular night in this extra plush hotel bar you spot an elderly man who extracts money endlessly from a well-filled wallet. You buy drink for drink with him, and each one makes you more courageous. At closing time you casually follow him out, assault and rob him, and before you have finished contemplating spending his money, you are spending the Government's instead — in jail for two years.

You are a bit older now, and begin to think that perhaps you have chosen the wrong path: maybe responsibility would straighten you out. You think of a girl you met and liked, so

Rehabilitation Through YOU!

William Huddlestone

IN the past, penologists have tried many different ways to rehabilitate men who have, for some reason or other, gone off the straight and narrow: their work has greatly advanced the penal set-up, but we will all admit that there are still far too many men in Canadian prisons who could add a great deal to the advancement of our country, individually and collectively, if there were a way to keep these men from committing crimes that will place them in penal institutions year after year.

In recent years, the heads of Canadian penal institutions have been segregating the young offenders from the old in the hope that they might stop the older men from telling the younger of the wealth and good times they have had: this practice has resulted in a certain amount of success but the result falls short of the job the authorities are trying to do.

Next came Collin's Bay: it is supposed to be Canada's 'model penitentiary'. Here men are given a chance to learn a trade or start to learn a trade that will enable them to become good members of the society that has placed them in prison. This also works, to a certain extent, but once again it falls short of its goal, that goal being complete rehabilitation.

A goodly number of the men who have passed through the gates of Collin's Bay into the free world as skilled craftsmen are once again behind the grey stone walls of some other prison, and people say: "well, he's just no good—he was given every chance and he refused to take advantage of them." With this reasoning I am inclined to disagree: I am certain that these people have equal share of the blame, if not more so, than the man himself for his return. Permit me to elaborate.

In my estimation, this man has held up his end one hundred percent: he has served his time for the crime he committed, and at the same time, has picked up a trade that has enabled him to earn a good wage so that he will be able to clothe himself well and at the same time have extra money for the little luxuries so needed by modern man. However, on his release into the free world he so longed for during his days and nights of study, he does not receive what he has been expecting. There are no friends there, now—the people he once

called friends have gone—he is all alone. There is no feeling in the world comparable to the feeling of aloneness, but it is in this atmosphere that the released man finds himself: imprisoned by lack of companionship, the ex-convict very quickly realizes that nobody cares what he has done, or tried to do.

The penitentiary has done its part: it has housed him for two, three, five or whatever number years the courts prescribed, it has taught him a trade, and released him at the expiration of his time—a better man. If, now in his loneliness, the man turns again to stealing in order to buy companionship, who may be to blame? I have given this matter a lot of thought, and unfortunately the only person at whose door I can lay the blame is—you!

You are the society that this man wronged in the first place, you are the society the law protected by sending him to prison, and you are the same society who, after this man's work and study, has refused to accept him. You have turned him down point-blank, you have driven him in a desperate try to gain friendship, back to what the penitentiary officials have tried to drive out of him. If the prisons in Canada are being crowded by men returning, you can accept the doubtful credit for a fair share of them.

You may say to yourself that this reasoning is very foolish—you do not know anyone who has been in prison—but just the same, you have been compelled to help pay for the upkeep of these men while they are in prison, and as long as you are paying, these men are partly your responsibility and you should help to keep these men out.

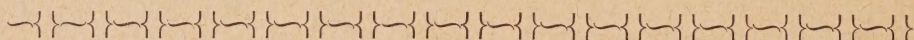
Some of you may wonder how you could help an ex-convict stay on the straight and narrow, and well you might. To my knowledge, there has never been anyone outside of The John Howard Society attempt to lend a hand, in Canada, that is, but there is no reason why there cannot be.

In New York State there is a very wonderful group of men, all ex-prisoners, who work under the guidance of one of the most understanding and intelligent men I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. This man is Monseigneur Lane of The Church of St. Don Bosco in the Elmira Reformatory in Elmira,

New York. He is a man who has devoted his life to helping men who have wronged you, and by so doing, have wronged God.

A few years ago, Monseignor Lane came up with a plan to further the advancement of these men in the free world, and it has vastly exceeded any other such plans I have ever heard of. The Monseignor has his own police force—if you care to call them that—and this force is composed of men who have served time in prison and therefore know and understand the feelings, the wants and the ways of fellow-sinners. This force meets the trains that carry the released men to the free world: the newcomer is immediately among friends, friends who understand everything about him, friends with whom he can be perfectly straightforward in word, thought and deed.

If the newcomer is in need of clothing, these friends help him obtain it: he is given a place to live, he knows he will not have to miss any meals while waiting for his first pay-check, and he KNOWS he will not have to wander along lonely streets a lonely man. Here are friends who are willing to help him with his every need.



NAME OR NUMBER?

you decide to write her a letter, asking if you can see when you get out. She replies and says how sorry she is that you are in trouble and will be pleased to see you when you get home. Time is bridged by letters and eventually you are released — again — and call upon this young lady.

You secure a job, after some months, marry. All goes well for a while but then the drinking starts again: with the drinking comes a higher-income crowd and your salary does not meet the expense. The search for dishonest dollars begins because you've convinced 'the crowd' — or so you believe — that you are a real big shot, and the phony front must be retained. A youngster or two comes along, and the fear of losing the very things you love most in the world tears at your very vitals. The same ghastly circle is traversed, more drinking, more quarrelling, more drinking, more stealing, more drinking, more quarrelling...

In your mind, as in the mind of every criminal, is the idea of that one big score. You are

** **

Confucius no say breath of scandal sometimes makes breezy conversation.

Each year a reunion is held in honour of the man responsible for this revolutionary step, and while I do not have actual figures on the number of men returning to prison after being helped by this group, the swelling number of those attending these yearly reunions is indicative that the percentage of recidivism is much smaller, per capita, than in Canada.

There is no reason why this plan cannot be operated just as effectively in this great country of ours, but initially the burden is on your shoulders. You must get the ball rolling—we behind the grey walls want a chance to become a part of your society permanently, but unless you are willing to help, this can never be so. If you were to have a talk with your alderman, and enough of these gentlemen were to mention this idea for a group to be formed in your city, then I am sure that your city and your country would benefit. I am sure The John Howard Society would lend every assistance they could, and cooperation such as has never been witnessed before from 'behind the walls' would be augmented by assistance from the wives, children and mothers of the men you help.

Continued from page 6

in the worst possible mental state to try anything, but you do. Again the penitentiary, again a number. But things are not so easy this time — you can't use your name again for four years.

And so you reach the end of the road, and what might have been a useful name in the world becomes a number that you must live with for four years — or longer. Oh yes, there were many good times, so you thought, but they make very bad memories as you gaze through the barred windows of the big grey palace. Most of your companions are ghosts in the past, and only two remain with you—self-contempt and remorse for your wasted years.

It takes time to shed old habits but new ones are acquired very readily. Don't spend the rest of your life wishing you had learned to be one of the many small pebbles on the beach instead of the teen-ager who wound up with a number and no name. You keep your name and leave the numbers to the big-shots—there are plenty to go around.

** **

Confucius no say little sugar plum today sometimes makes sour grapes tomorrow.



Many Worlds



by William Huddleston

WHILE reading a daily newspaper the other evening, I found it rather amusing to find the writer had mentioned the world not as one world but as two—the East and the West. The reason I say I found it amusing is quite simple, at least to my way of thinking. I have never thought of this great universe as one world: on the contrary, I have always thought of it as a great many small worlds, each fighting for a recognition in our universe.

As the writer stated, the East is a world apart from our world, not only in its way of life, but also in its thinking. This I do not dispute. I would, however, like to point out that these great powers mentioned are only as powerful as the people behind them.

No doubt their elections, although some what different in appearance, always work out much the same as our own — get the most votes and you are the winner. The man who is fortunate enough to become the head of his country is the man the masses feel is best equipped to present the problems of their country to the other world powers. On the whole, however, the masses have no more idea of what those problems are than they have information on the A. or H. bomb. Sound foolish? Yes, it does. How can a people elect a man to manage their country and to represent their country's problems when they themselves do not know the problems of their country

The answer is a very simple one: the voters' world scope does not reach far enough to grasp the problems of a large country—they are no more able to grasp the problems of a large country than the man they elect is able to milk a cow or plow a field. This, I feel, gives each a world of his own, the voter plus the

voted.

In a large country, there may be as many as a hundred million voters: each of these lives in a world of his own, as do the millions who do not vote. This means our universe has in its midst untold millions of worlds each on a twenty-four hour basis. Each of us has our own little world. Our world has room for so many people, so many places and so many things, and aside from these, our interests are very limited. Until, of course, something happens that becomes a threat to our world: then we must broaden our scope to try to take in what is being told us by the leaders of the big world. This at times results in wars and deaths. Why? Because one of the elected has tried to enlarge his world, with little or no regard for those he represents, and when it is over, each crawls back into his own little empire to continue to build for his promised goal.

There are many critics who claim 'to do away with dictators is to do away with trouble and war.' I cannot agree with this: every living being is a dictator in his own right—the master of the house, the head of the church, or the teacher in the school. These dictators are a must. In order to have our country as we want it, we must have these dictators, just as we must have men like the late Adolf Hitler. No man, to my way of thinking, has the right to condemn another, for he, himself, has many shortcomings in his world.

If the day ever comes when all men live in one world, I hope I shall be given the privilege of leaving it. I can think of no fate worse than living in a world of robots who are incapable of thinking for themselves.

I feel we must always have many worlds if we are to have one great world.

Confucius no say man can read some people like a book but can't shut them up so easily.

Confucius no say man who beef too much, often end up in stew.

Confucius no say coat of paint sometimes make old house look like new, but not old women.

Confucius no say when man works like horse, everybody rides him.

Confucius Say....

Confucius no say he that cheats me once, shame for him: he that cheats me twice, shame for me.

Confucius no say man who leave home to set the world on fire often comes back for more matches.

Coming



Out



Party

The Tactless Texan

SOME are masochists. They mark calendars. Others are sadists. They constantly advise everybody of the time they have left to serve. A few are silent, content to keep a mental record of the days remaining.

Your cell is stripped of personal possessions garnered over the years. Everything has been willed: a ritual all men in prison perform before leaving. Toilet articles, pen, books, everything. Except the radio earphones.

In the starkness of the cell you lie in bed. There is nothing left of the visible, material prison life you led. There is only the metal bed, the wooden locker, the wooden chair, the sink, the toilet.

The cell is larger now without the clutter. Your movements bounce back flatly from the bare walls. The lights go out and you light a cigarette and listen abstractedly to the meaningless banter of a disc jockey. And your mind switches to anticipating the delicious freedom that shall be yours when the sun comes up again.

When the sun comes up again ... a new world. Rebirth.

A new world, without prison guards and marching, denimed men. Without deadened, enforced routine. No more ringing bells except from a church steeple or a firehouse, or maybe a country school. No more monotonous food. No more world without women. No more ... a lot of things.

There is the giddy anticipation of an icy highball appreciated at whim and leisure in the comfortable seclusion of a hotel room. A hotel room with barless windows, carpeted floors: a solid, wooden door: a cushiony, yielding mattress. The refreshing sting of a lingering shower bath. The gentle caress of soft fabric and the lusty, dull shine of deep-

grained leather. A radio dial with controls that you can turn on or off or change stations. The loving cradle of an automobile.

Morning is there when you open your eyes. You never really went to sleep. The prison is still quiet. You rise and dress and sit and smoke. The sun climbs higher and the early morning shadows retreat from the walls. Birds chirp and hop excitedly among the bars of the cell block windows.

The bell reverberates for the last time and the prison stretches, yawns, and slowly, reluctantly, comes to life.

The cell door crashes back and you step onto the walkaway. You pause outside your cell door for a fraction of a minute and your eyes sweep the narrow cell no larger than the average bathroom — your home for years past. And you recall the endless days and the dark, sleepless nights of the weeks and months and years beyond specific recall. They parade before you in a blur, like scenes clipped from a movie scenario. The gamut of emotions you felt lying there on the steel cot, staring at the ceiling.....

The convicts crowd around you now, smiling, clapping you on the back, joking, wishing you good luck. You grab at the extended hands and repeat over and over goodbye, goodbye, good luck, good luck....

In the discharge room the prison clothing falls from you like so much dead skin and you become a new identity in the grey flannel suit you had sent in.

You walk awkwardly in stiff, new shoes. The barred gates, one by one, swing outward and you walk through, unchallenged.

Rectangular green paper is counted out into your hand and the jangle of coins drops heavily into your pocket.

You step through the last barrier and take a deep breath as the last iron gate clangs shut in a note of finality. It is behind you now.

The kaleidoscope of colour hits you first. More vivid and real than the most carefully filmed technicolor extravaganza.

The green trees, garnet lawns, vermilion flowers. Houses white and pink and tan and blue, matched with all the splendour of the spectrum. Cars are loud reds and garnish greens and metallic blues and stunning yellows and conspicuous chartreuse, and a myriad of unclassifiable shades, tints and hues.

The tiny creatures with long, waved hair, walking mincingly along the sidewalks: lips full and crimson: hips swaying gracefully: smooth, shapely limbs clad in sheer nylon: tiny feet pecking along in stilted scraps of leather and suede. Their voices are an octave higher, gentle. Not gruff.

Little beings crying—like midgets they are!—and you study their delicate, round faces, cherubic and rosy: red-tipped noses, fuzzy hair and wide, bland eyes staring at you unabashedly.

You stand transfixed through the symphony of a cash register, the cymbal clash of shiny silverware, the staccato clutter of dishes. And there are neat, orderly rows of small, intimate tables, topped with smooth linen and spotless

silver arranged carefully beside each plate. Shiny, chrome-topped salt and pepper shakers, and even a miniature vase of peonies...

The slender waitress, trim and clean smelling in her crisp, pleated white uniform, smiles good morning and with a crimson-nailed hand extends a menu. You order with the suppressed flair of a lord and master. This is your castle. You're home from the wars. Live!!!

The coffee is strong, pungent, nutty. Made mellow with rich, thick cream. You savour it slowly.

You stand on the curb, looking, looking, and tear open a pack of cigarettes and inhale the smoke deeply into your lungs, looking, looking, looking.....

THE LAST NIGHT

Jack Leeman

In the silence of my dark cell I think of tomorrow — this is my last night in prison. My thoughts wander to my money, hopes and fears. What does the future hold for me? Will I be bitter? Have I improved myself here or have I become a hard-bitten criminal? How will I answer when people ask me "what is prison like?" Some of these questions I will try to answer now.

Prison is like a stone coffin where, for short or long periods, a man may be confined.

No one explains fully what prison is like or how prisoners feel: it's anxiety, loneliness, frustration, violence, futility — almost a complete waste of life.

Yet there is still hope, hope that burns in the breasts of men like an eternal fire. Hope in what, you may ask? Why hope in God first of all, for from Him comes forgiveness and mercy that men sometimes overlook.

My fears, dark and forbidding things that a man may not dare think about but must face and conquer. How will I face these fears, you ask? Here is my answer: I will look upon them as a challenge — I will fight and overcome them — I will be a success.

Am I bitter? No, grateful is more like it, because by punishing me, I have been at the same time, unknowingly helped.

** ** ** **

Once at a social function, religious dignitaries of all denominations were gathered around the buffet table. As an elderly Rabbi was admiring the enormous Virginia ham, a young Catholic Priest came up to him and said: "Go ahead Rabbi, why not eat some of it?" Pause, then: "Why be old-fashioned? You've got to be modern after all." "You've got something there" said the Rabbi. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll eat some of your Virginia ham on your wedding day."

Newf 1st: "How old are you?"

Newf 2nd: "Nineteen."

Newf 1st: "What would you have said if I were a bartender?"

Newf 2nd: "Give me a drink."

She: "But, dear, you once said you worshipped the ground I walked on."

He: "True, but at that time I thought you owned the property."

When Groucho Marx was approached by a celebrity hound at a party and reminded by him that they had met before, Groucho replied: "I seldom forget a face, but I'll make an exception with yours."

Reelin' & Dealin'

with Bill & Rick

Attention to the Gar away up there in the northern woods. Wot Hoppen'd laddie? No word no how and the mob is a little disappointed...Also for the Phil is the fact that the Ed now has a water gun in his house and he is now known as the kid...Never saw him so happy Dad and he said to say hello...The Jockey and his mob blew the bundle in the wheel house last week. Don'y feel to bad lass as it is not worth the trouble for the man to lose all the marbles over a teeny weenie thing like that...Tuz is really wired to the Neilson's choices. Seems last week he tried to swing with a box and got pinched in the attempt. We are the guys wot go to the bucket for theft...The Red Cross were here and the flake outs were few and far between as were the groceries...The music maker was Tony in the morning and in the afternoon it was the wee Bruno...You know who was watching you in the morning and the afternoon don't you Br????? The ex senator had to drop in to get his bi-monthly pint and they had a hard time to find the veins in his arm this trip. Don't feel too bad Al, we know you needed the thing or you wouldn't have been there...The red head missed the pass out parade this time...Looked a little pale for the rest of the day but was able to handle the proceedings till the last donor was there...Joe Towtruck was the biggest disappointment of the day. After giving his pint he got off the bed, took two steps toward the stairs, stopped short, half turned and stumbled and collapsed in a big heap on the floor. Did the twenty by twelve make you weak at the knees old man??? Chisel Chin got the job of looking after the cokes and what a chance for any to be left over. The kid smashed down seventeen all by his lonesome...Well ask Norm...And the donuts he belted back would make the biggest man in the world do a little burping...The biggest laugh of the day goes to Fat Jack of the Barber Shop...The bundle of joy dropped in to give a pint and was very jovial for the entire performance...The WHOLE 210 pounds of him yet...The dream of them all was the Jesse. A real fine lady with a heart of gold and we are looking forward to seeing her on the next trip...Hang on out there J.R...The Ticket Of Leave Dept. The joint is really goin crazy. All the guys in the place are leaving via

the short route and we are glad to see them go. Harry C, Robert M, Bones and Davey are the last ones and several others are due to go in the very near future. What about US???? Take two J.F. doin' fine in the tailor shop and he has the hat industry under control...Nelson Eddy back in the joint and in a worse fog than ever and with even less hair yet...Mac San and the International John are back at the poetry in 1 dorm. John does the recitin' and the monster just lays back and takes it all in...Jackie E. will read this one from the street. When you read this one the gleam in your eye will have become more than a reality...Capt. Kidd and the case of the "whose is this bottle." A loud crunch was heard at the end of the main feature a week or so ago and the whole mob rounded at the same time to see what was going on. The only guy that looked silly was the Capt. What a stall. Greasy Joe in the kitchen wearin' a cast...Old Mike and the Shad have a truce for the time being and the one that breaks it will be real sorry for the rest of his bit. And the red head from the same department is badly wired to the West coast...The Weasel and his mob are in complete control of the buller these days and the cold doesn't bother them in any shape or form...Ferg no sooner got things under control in the carpenter shop and had to leave for the farm. The change is okay with heavy but you shouldn't be roarin' about the cold...The Stob and the Podge are doing very well these days and they send the regards to Alex and Eddie across the road...Wonder wot Hoppen'd to the Joe and the Hook. Things can't be that bad in Hamtown. No place is that tap city...What a christmas. Whea. You said it man, Eee Gads...Though Santa never came to the Bay we did have a special guest in the person of Henrietta the Dancer. This jail house salome made like a real gazelle and all the boys were lookin' like it was the real McCoy. (&%\$#!?). Many eyes are still blurred as a result of the shift that started on christmas and lasted through the new year. 12-8 yet. Poor Joe, Al and Duff...To Frank from John and to the Ottawa quartet from the Ed...To Howie, the grey haired one, from Rick and Al and to the John K. from Daffy Duck. To the heavy frog from you know who...To Gerry P. from the ugly pair of teen agers and to the

Jim Jim from everyone... Hope for his sake the new cook at the sweet shop gets the mine situation started before he loses the weight he has... Joe and the Rick were the first two men on blades in the history of the Bay... The blades they flashed were of bright brilliance and rotten finesse... The slim and trim is the second from the right and he sure eats a lot from where we sit... Whats with the new hair setting course in our house??? Thats hair Joe?? One of the boys in the kitchen comparin' his looks with those of our Willie's. You just don't compare a ford to a cadillac foolish one... The new chief in our midst is the best and he is not the type that comes from the reservation... Another big let down for the year is the old Desert Fox who has become a lost soul on the great outside world... Little Ray is back to his old self and is currently headed for the barber shop... What no committee fella's. or doesn't it matter anymore? What happened to the choicies for the soccer tournament??? The Duff will read this one from the street and he is gone to Hamtown... And for the Cecil in the kitchen here is the best we can do. You are one of the longest men in the kitchen... How's that??? And to the Ruth across the road we send our monthly hello from yours trulies... What a police force we have here at the Bay. Sargents, beat men, chiefs, lieutenants, and even a private eye... The ol' Bill Perry across the road and knee deep in the hobbycraft. A big hello to him from his buddv Willie... The Hoppy has left our midst and is gone to bigger and better things on the outside world. By the way lad, all the things are here and all the guys say thanks and they really do appreciate your wonderful gesture. Hang on out there and we wish you the best in all you do... Fat Jack on the ice skates in the yard was a sight for the eyes and no wonder. Did you ever try and lug 210 lbs. around on a pair of dull blades??? Little Mike was a terror when he donned the blades for the first time this year. It looked as though it was the first time ever... How is the back Mikey??? The Jim Jim in the barber shop and the case of the painted hand? What a guy won't do for a stall these days... You never get promoted pulling things like this on ol' Ted... Little Bert in the same department is doin' a fine job and will be a fine barber when the time comes for him to hit the street... Ray L. the old man of the baseball wars was seen limbering up the ol' arm for the comin' season. Better be in shape Ray. The field is a little rough for the coming year... Hope this one fines the Tony doin' alright in the J.J. enterprises...

The street offers many fine things for the future and the guys in here are the surprise of the year. Everyone is so anxious... The Steers are a big thing on the farm these days and the Ron is the boss man... The weather has never been so cold. All the old men in the jail showed their real colors when the zero weather arrived. The kids loved it and Rick and Willie led the parade to the skating rink... What is this we been hearin' about the Cooper away up there in Toronto!! And to think you'se is goin' out with girls yet already... To the editorial board across the road. We are sorry you never got to publish the real version and we did enjoy the pics that were finally published. What happened to thirty nine and forty??? Maybe you can send the missin' ones in the next delivery????? What about this one? The title is:

THE LADY OF THE NIGHT

Who is this woman to be so adored?
Her dress is torn and grimy at the thighs
From hands that fumble there, young and old,
No odds to her now which. She only stands
and sighs.

She'll scratch, and pat her hair back into place,
And shift her weight, one foot to the other,
And let him have her hand across the face,
If he keeps hollering with his—"Mother".

But still she is the only world he's heir to—
Except the God at night he cries his prayer to.

And let that be a lesson to you Virg... For the Gail and the Ruth and for the Muggs... The Leafs are really makin' themselves heard now. Isn't that right Joe?? The comeback kid is the guy who might even lead them to the Stanly cup!!! Oh how silly can we get... The handball courts are gettin' a lot of action and the head man out there is the Stevie. Better known to all as the Chinqua kid... and the Vince is really foggy. Can't even see the end of the two small ones he has to do... The Basilio-Saxton fight has been stalled for awhile and it looks as though the odds makers are lookin' for a little something with the Saxton. What about this Al... Give us the right info buddy... And the Ron and the new deals. You got a rough case there little man and we hope you can handle the thing... What about you Maggie? How come you have nothing to send to Ottawa???? Hello Gerry. How are things?? The chappy in the garage is shakin' it very easy at the present and we hope it is the same way the time the ball rolls around... Whats with the wabbit, Willie??? Let us have a little

scandal for the issue as soon as possible... The Rooby on the street left the men who helped him in a rough state and its not easy to forget...Hello to Irene from Henry and to the Patsy from Robert...Willie to the Swampy and to the Murph from the Rick. Did you like the gem????Happen to be allergic to the bars in Toronto. Specially the ones under the clock...No thanks fella...Adios to a few of the guys now. To the Steer, and our little Red head from the Quarry...To Len Smart and to the Jack. Take it easy out there guys and don't let the sun get in your eyes. Nice place that street real nice. Don't take anyone's word for it but your own...Especially you Jack...And the John in the tailor shop says he can do fine by himself and the time it really counts and there are two of them he has no action at all...And what a guy won't do to attract a little attention fo' himself. We can't dig that move and the guy with the little patch must feel awful simple walkin' around the joint in technicolor...Hello to the Red head out in the mountain from the John and Al and the yours trulies...Also to the A.J... And the Chuck Pierce is gettin' very short across the road...Hope the other end of the shatford brothers is okay away out there in P.A. and the other half of the family says hello to yo' all. And the bridge game of the year featured the Schmiel and the Huddle against Al C. and the Rick. The score? 14.870 to 1000!!! That was there spot yet...The Bruno tryin' and slowly dyin'...Answer us lad...And hello and thanks to the Phil and Jack for the cards at Christmas time...And all the girls at 1155 are doin' alreet...Special hello to Sonny and to Eunice...And Willie nacin' the floor after he missed a card on the fourteenth of Jan...Take it slow Dad...And the big Les across the way hasn't lost a pound...Ray with a double too. Hang on man, it's a long grind...And the five by five Mr. Fats Domino of the pen, li'l ol' Jackie Neil...Georgie Reeves and the Jack Byers. How is it men??? And can't forget the Ron and the new case...How are things in the agriculture department comin' man????? And the Luigi was real happy in the show last week end as he saw the picture of his home town. Wad a you look a you. Yo' appoe...Nice a Luigi you Baby... And the Charlie and the case of the head chef. A hundred and five a week????Well at least 45.00 and no more...And who are the ones who have to have pressed socks before the done the shoes????Me too, Joe...And the Jim Beck says hello to Howie and says to meet him under the clock...Shades of Satan How-

ie Not there!!!!And for Evelyn across the street. May you enjoy the best the world has to offer and we sincerely hope the paper stays away from you veranda. No thanks to them that it wasn't postponed for a few more years...With Easter just around the corner, everyone is tryin' for the Easter ducat. What a jail...And the ball players are out already, getting in shape for the coming season...Wee Moe and the Habitual act. At his age, too. He is just a teen age bop a roonie and a fine picture of the future????Doug McD. says hi to the Budding Buddy away down in Marquette Mich. See the sports page Doug...And to Red "Golden Boy" in the big house from the Bomber who just recently arrived...And the gummy one with the sore neck...I can't give a massage, honest. Lies and more lies eh Jim?? And Texas and the mob are very busy in one block these nights and the howls from the table are, "you never marked the last one." What about it Tex????The gang around the Gerrard are doin' very fine these days and the hello's to you all are from Chisel Chin and the yours trulies...And don't tell me the Yanks are goin' to be better this year John. They ain' got chance one against the National league Champion (again this year) Dodgers...The action on the handball court has really picked up lately and the sights on the both sides would really make you sit back and roar...I'll handle this one buddy...Some of the hats that are being worn around the joint these days would make you have nightmares. Are the blocks that rough Ed, and the mater-jol is it that short????Don't forget mine...The Joe King and his zaniacs and to say a fine stand is now history. You guy's are the most in our books...Ruby and the blonde are still the best waitresses a guy was ever served by...And the case of the dropped brick. What happened to the toe pig...???Blackie checked into the hospital last week and was all set for a nice long rest. He moved in the groceries and the earphones, made himself real comfy and ten minutes later the man gave him the heave ho...Ah sweet mystery of life at last I've found you...Fat Jack back on the job in the staff barber shop. Watch the weight line friend. Don't live to high 'cause you're destined for the street in a few short months...From Joe and Art to the brother and to the Kelly...Bee Bop A Lu Lu Lulu is still cheerin' for the Bruins. Sit back you teen age bop a roonie and watch the Leafs sail into third spot...The Jockey is really smashin' it around these days...What happened way out there in the east. Must have taken the menu

with him. No wonder the thing exploded... Oh by the way Ralph, will you hang a mirror in my cell. I too am good look'n... Our Virg is still runnin' around anticipatin' somethin' or other... And the legs are goin' like jack rabbits and if you don't believe us then you can ask Ralph "the Jockey"... And Bill C. don't have to be embarrassed about the hair. It's not as bad as that and they can always move down to a better holding position... The habitual loiterer is now short of a few shows. Don't shake it too rough Moe because

we personally will keep you up to date on all the activities... And here it is: Roses is red, violets is blue, tickets is nice, but too damn few... And Mike and the Urq are still like thieves. We don't believe it Howard but Mike is doin' his best to convince us... For the benefit of the people with nice wardrobes the guy known as Chuck G. will soon be released from across the road. Beware!! That's it for this thirty, see you all next issue with more of the same.....



Pictures on the Wall

Douglas Morgan

THE Saturday Night of May 12th, 1956, speaks of experiments conducted at McGill University by the Defence Research Board. Experiments in 'Brain Washing.' What was demonstrated at McGill was the frightening inability of the human brain to withstand isolation. It is significant that man, it was proved, can live apart from other human beings without losing his reason, as long as his body is not confined.

The volunteers who stayed in the 'brain-washing' cubicles at McGill found that hallucinations replaced reality. The walls of the cells became covered with patterns and the air seemed filled with sounds. Physical movement and conversation were not enough to dispell illusions or end the noise. At first, solving mental problems restored reality, but after some days this became too much of an effort.

It would be an exaggeration to draw a parallel between our position in prison and the confinement and isolation suffered by the victims of the Japanese 'brain-washing' atrocities but, even though our cells are larger than those occupied by the Japanese' prisoners, and we are confined fourteen hours instead of twenty-four, and although we are allowed to work and have comparatively free weekends for recreation, we can, nevertheless, allow our minds to become enfeebled to such an extent as to make

us receptive to just the most infantile intellectual stimulus.

Unquestionably, the ear-phones, with which every cell is equipped, provide the greatest defence against the insidious, creeping, cancerous infiltration of insanity. It produces, voluntarily, pictures in the mind which counter those which project involuntarily. But, the radio alone is not enough. The bulk of the programmes relayed, such as 'Gunsmoke', '21st Precinct', 'Crime Fighters' etc. do serve two very useful purposes. In the first place, they are a form of diversion, thereby counter-acting monotony. Secondly, they are a means whereby those, for whom such programmes hold no appeal, are ensured of periods of com-

parative silence on the ranges which will allow them to concentrate on their studies. However, these programmes are so unrealistic that, taken in overly large doses, can prove unhealthy.

Possibly the best 'brain-washing antibody' is derived from books. SOME book is certain to set up a suitable reaction in the minds of everybody. Books can provide a bulwark to repel the devastating assault of confinement upon the brain—an assault against which no one is immune.

An appreciation of the fragility of the human brain should make us aware of the jeopardy in which we exist when confined, and should prompt us to so arrange our cellular activities that time is allowed for reading, thereby taking advantage of the printed word as a natural buttress to support the grey cells which, abused, or even left to their own devices, are prone to collapse.

Show Business

ONE of the most progressive moves in providing diversion for inmates in this institution has been effected by an inmate. We are referring to the Saturday afternoon showings of classical, technical, educational and scientific films, the showing of which is attended on a purely voluntary basis by those men interested.

Red Snider, a member of the Inmate Welfare Committee, and the man appointed to handle the pictures and projector in the institution, had the happy thought that there must be a large library of classical music and generally educational films available for showing, without charge, made by various companies throughout Canada and the United States.

His first move was to explain the idea to the administration, then explore the various channels through which such films could be obtained, then sell the idea to 'front office.' Armed with the facts, he explained that there was a large number of men here who were interested in any one or more of a given number of such subjects, but because of the fact that every man's taste is different, films like this could not be screened at the regular weekly shows. He pointed out that those who would be bored with certain films would spoil the performance for those interested, and forcing the showing on all would defeat the purpose behind it.

At this point he suggested Saturday showings, and stressed the fact that this new form of diversion would Be IN ADDITION TO, AND NOT IN PLACE OF, anything presently permitted the inmates at that period. Various arguments pro and con were advanced by himself and the administration, but eventually a fair compromise was reached: one Saturday afternoon would be permitted on an experimental basis, and if sufficient men exhibited interest and enthusiasm, the suggested schedule would be continued.

We are much indebted to Red Snider for the interest he has shown and the work he has done in initiating this privilege, and it is certainly a matter for the record that the entire drive was spearheaded by an inmate for the benefit of other inmates.

The first Saturday showing took place, and the program was comprised of all classical and semi-classical music. Despite the competition of an inmate soccer game, the reception and enthusiasm displayed by those attending — better than one third of the population — was such as to ensure continuation of these programs.

To date, three such programs have taken place, and we list them below for the interest of our readers in free society and in other institutions. We all say: "Thanks, Red, and we are behind you all the way." We only hope that men in other institutions may get such a break.

FIRST SATURDAY:

Finlandia, 10 minutes: The composer himself, Sibelius, at work and at leisure in his garden and home before a musical background of "Finlandia, and his immortal "Second Symphony." Music by the Helsinki Philharmonic Orchestra.

Michel Piastro and his Orchestra, 20 minutes: Ballet Music by Charles Cound, "My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice" by Saint-Saens, "Ballet Egyptien" by Lingini, "Gold And Silver Waltz" by Franz Lehar, "Tales From The Vienna Woods" by Johann Strauss, "Arabian and Russian Ballet" by Tchaikowsky.

Orpheus in Hades, 10 minutes: This thrilling music by Jacques Offenbach, performed by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

The Emperor Waltz, 10 minutes: This masterpiece by Johann Strauss, filmed in Salzburg, performed by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, under the baton of Dr. Alois Melchior. Choral Concert, 10 minutes: The Leslie Bell Singers in a concert on film: An "Echo Song" from 16th Century Italy is followed by a Quebec Folk Song, "Quand j'étais chez mon pere": the Negro Spiritual "I couldn't hear nobody pray" contrasts with an equally simple song of the people, "I'se the boy that builds the boat," from the fishing hamlets of Newfoundland. Finally, the choir, under Dr. Leslie Bell, renders a special arrangement of Franz Schubert's 'Ave Maria.'

Toscanini, 20 minutes: Produced for the United States Office of War Information in 1944, this is a film record of the greatest of all maestros conducting his N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the music of Guiseppi Verdi. The film opens with a performance of the overture to 'La Forza del Destino.' The famed conductor is then seen at home, reflecting on the evil that has befallen his beloved Italy. In anticipation of the collapse of Mussolini's regime, Toscanini edits the score of Verdi's 'Hymn To

The Nations' to include the national anthems of the World War Two Allies, and prepares a broadcast to Italy and Europe, which goes on their as soon as the welcome word is recieved. The film records this memorable event with the magnificent voice of tenor soloist Jan Peerce, The Westminster Choir, and the N.B.-C. Symphony. Throughout the film, we see the many moods, inflections and gestures of this renowned musician as he interprets the imposing score.

Comments from six men attending, all picked at random, after the screening, we give herewith. "If that was a sample of the music that can be had for Saturday afternoons, let's have more. For my money, I thought it was great." "Man, I can't talk yet, I'm too filled up. That's music, man, that's music." "A wonderful relaxation, and a move in the right direction. Thank God for music." "I'm an old man now, and there's not much wrong when these kids here go for that stuff. That stuff sets them free for a while." "This is the right idea—those who like this sort of thing can enjoy it in listening peace and those who don't can stay away. This idea gives everyone something he likes and doesn't bore the other half who don't care for it." "Boy, that's the stuff to make doing time easy. Lay the word around and the fellows in the other pens may get a break too."

SECOND SATURDAY:

A large variety of Hobbycraft films, and largely attended by the hobby crafters in the institution.

THIRD SATURDAY:

A series of films by The Bell Telephone Company of Candan, as follows:

Mr. Bell, 35 minutes: Alexander Graham Bell, as teacher, inventor, and citizen — is portrayed in this film. The story tells of Bell's early conviction that the deaf could be taught to speak, and shows how his pioneering led to advances in this field. Events leading to the invention of the telephone are shown, ending with a dramatic scene where his assistant, Watson, hears Bell's words over a telephone for the first time in history. The film concludes with Bell declaring his faith that achievements in communication and other sciences can further the cause of world brotherhood. A Prologue, in the form of a photographic album, traces the inventor's Canadian background and portrays scenes in Brantford, Ontario, where he conceived the idea of the telephone and describes it to his father.

Stepping Along With Television, 11 minutes: Have you ever wondered how the images of distant scenes and places are carried hundreds of miles in a fraction of a second and brought to life in your living room through the magic of television? This film shows how television broadcasts speed their way across the country. How The Telephone system's vast telephone network helps to do this job is told to the accompaniment of Tschaiowsky's 'Sleeping Beauty' ballet. A television program, originating in New York, is carried step-by-step to a residence in Waukesha, Wisconsin.

Music In Motion, 20 minutes: In this delightful and instructive film, which is done in Technicolor, the Bell System's famous 'Telephone Hour' orchestra and the world renowned violinist, Zino Francescatti, combine their talents to bring you the best in instrumental music. Their selections include the 'Waltz Of The Flowers'— 'Londonderry Air' — 'Concerto in E Minor' by Mendelssohn, and the now familiar 'Bell Waltz'. The film also shows how scientists of the Bell Telephone Laboratories study visible sound in their constant efforts to further improve your telephone service.

Rehearsal, 24 minutes: Here you are taken behind the scenes of radio to see how great artists prepare for a Telephone Hour broadcast.

You will see several outstanding persons in the musical world, Donald Voorhees, Ezio Pinza and Blanche Thebom in their 'back-stage' personalities.

Although informal in nature, the rehearsal has the same skilled performance characteristic of the program. Music lovers everywhere will welcome the opportunity to meet the folks who entertain on The Telephone Hour broadcast. The Telephone Hour, 23 minutes: The picture provides you with a ringside seat at a radio broadcast of The Telephone Hour. It shows The Bell Telephone orchestra, conducted by Donald Voorhees, playing the theme 'The Bell Waltz' and 'Overture to Il Guarany' by Gomez. Guest soloist is Josef Hofmann, the distinguished pianist. Mr. Hofmann plays 'Prelude in C Sharp Minor' by Rachmaninoff, and, accompanied by the orchestra, a part of 'The Emperor Concerto' by Beethoven.

The film also includes shots of how network programs are transmitted, and explains the importance of telephone equipment and long distance lines in broadcasting.

There are many other fascinating Saturday afternoon programs lined up, and we are certain that these will become a 'must' to a large portion of the men in this institution.

Poetry in Prison

Behind Your Back

The things men utter to your face may sweetly strike your ear,
But do not trust the gentle speech men whisper when you're near,
For critics seldom criticize unless the man's away
And those who really love us best to us will little say.
The proof of what men think of you of gossip has the smack,
For it is always what is said of you behind your back.

Beware the voice of flattery: trust not the fulsome friend;
On these, for judgment of yourself, 'tis dangerous to depend.
They'll paint you better than you are; the truth they will not tell,
But what you are and all you are your neighbours know full well.
They know your weakness and your strength, the traits you have or lack,
Your reputation's founded on what's said behind your back.

So call it gossip if you will, but gossip moulds us all,
'Tis by men's nods and winks and smiles we either rise or fall.
Here is the test all mortals face while life is in the clay:
Not what we think ourselves to be, but what do others say.
Then give to malice or to shame no reason to attack:
So live your life you need not fear what's said behind your back.
Unknown

To Our Daughter

This little girl called Linda,
Is only four years old,
But she can dance and sing a bit,
Or so I have been told.

She gets up in the morning,
Her pyjamas she quickly sheds,
She plays around the bedroom,
And also on the beds.

When she thinks it's time for wakening,
She volunteers the job,
She sings aloud and talks in vain,
It's like an angry mob.

I slowly turn a little,
To see what the trouble can be,
When I see a pair of shining eyes,
Just looking down at me.

I take a look at the trusty clock,
Six bells, it says, oh! my,
I turn over to get a few more winks,
And proceed to close one eye

Then just like a sudden cloudburst,
I hear "Mommy, it's time to awake,"
I say "Go back to your bed,
It's too early, for goodness sake!"

At last there is some silence,
And my eyes begin to close,
Then bang, crash, I hear a bellowing voice,
That says "Oh, my widdle toes!"

I quickly jump out of my comfortable bed
And start my dash-like zooming,
Then a tiny laugh from the back of the door,
Says "Mommy, I was only fooling."

By this time, of course, I'm awake,
And my patience begins to wear out,
I feel like going so far away,
Or letting a long, loud shout.

Finally it's 'way past seven o'clock,
And time to rise and shine,
And just what do you think that Linda does?
Back in bed — not hers — but mine!

When I finish washing and dressing,
I slip back in to have a peep,
And there she is, with her doll in her arm,
With a smile on her face, and asleep!

An Inmate's wife

But God, How We Look For A Flaw

When some fellow yields to temptation, and breaks a conventional law,
We look for no good in his make-up, but God! how we look for a flaw.
No one will ask: "How tempted?" nor allow for the battle he's fought:
His name becomes food for the jackals, for us who have never been caught.

"He has sinned" we shout from the rooftops, we forget the good he has done,
We centre on one lost battle, and forget the times he has won.
"Come, gaze on the sinner!" we thunder, and by his example he taught,
That his footsteps lead to destruction, cry we who have never been caught.

I'm a sinner, Oh Lord, and I know it, I'm weak, I blunder, I fail,
I'm tossed on life's stormy ocean, like ships embroiled in a gale.
I'm will to trust in Thy mercy, to keep Thou'st Commandments Thou'st taught,
But deliver me, Lord, from the judgment, of the saints who have never been caught.

From **The Draper Inmate**

To Those Gone Astray

Why have you boys all gone astray?
Why must you sit there day by day?
Was it a friend who led you wrong?
Was it a place called home, that you didn't belong?
Or might it be the girl, who told beautiful lies?
And whispered she loved you, but not with her eyes?
Who wanted fine jewels, a coat, and some furs
That made you start taking the things that weren't yours?
There are so many reasons, it's hard to decide,
Just what a man's thoughts are, locked up inside.
Maybe he's running from things in the past,
Or maybe he's trying to live much too fast.
In any case, boys, only honesty pays,
Then you will be happy the rest of your days.
So do yourself good, work hard and stay smart,
And you won't be the one with the sad, broken heart.

An Inmate's Wife

To A Morning Glory

Awake! sweet blossom, and greet the amorous day.
What wayward dreams have caused these dewy tears,
What demon of the darkened night has caused thee so to weep?
Awake! Awake! Fair flower, you've been too long asleep.

William Fritzeley

Someone

Someone thinks you're wonderful, and someone isn't wrong.....
Someone cares ... that isn't news you've known it all along!
For all your winning ways, and loving things you do,
Just makes you dearer, every day, to one that cares for you!

—Unknown

COMMON THOUGHTS

I am not a Notary, I would like you to know,
But I can write some poetry, to the one I love so.
I knew I was wrong, the day I came home
Cause I saw she was gone, then I started to roam.

I'd live as I can, cause it was my life,
But I had no plans cause I had no wife.
But the day will come when we'll be together,
Just to live as one, forever and ever.

E. McCorkell

SPEAKING of SPORTS

Sat. Dec. 8th.

The Blackpool team and the Arsenal squad met in muddy conditions, with the Blackpool men squeezing out a three to two victory. A new face in the winning line-up was that of Bobby McLaughlin. He played a fine game throughout the entire contest and should be a fine defenseman with a little more work. Scoring for the winners were Wee Moe Fero from Joe Lowery, Buddy Belaire from Lowery and Lowery again, this time from Lundrigan the manager of the Blackpool team. For Arsenal it was Archie Dorigo from Kyle and Tessier from Dorigo. The sin bin had but two visitors. Bob McLaughlin went to the penalty box for tripping and Pinch went off for two minutes for charging a Blackpool player. The star of the game must go to the versatile playing of Joe Lowery. Joe has been digging hard all year and has added a big punch to this team. He assisted on both opening goals for the Blackpool team and scored the winner on a two way passing play with "The Jockey" Lundrigan. The Arsenal squad played a fine game despite the loss of three of their players. One man, Schnied, left us via the ticket act, McLean is taking a rest so he can be in shape for the finals and yours truly can hardly stand up let alone play. Not that the team misses me but they certainly miss the little monster, who won the scoring title this year. (AGAIN). The referees for this game were Corrie and Isenberg, the linesmen, Belbin and Delarosabel.

The second game of the afternoon featured the Rangers and the United teams. The Rangers in winning 2-1 over United, had a tough battle against the yellow and black sweated terrors. It was one of the hardest fought contests this year and as far as this writer is concerned, it was the cleanest. End to end rushes on almost every play, made the spectators sit up and take notice of the game. No penalties in the game and the referees had very little to do and it sure made the game worth while watching. Scoring for Rangers was Hill from Turner and Hiesel from Turner. For the United mob it was Kolba (the new mgr.) from Don Antone. The star of the game goes to Little Eddy Turner. Ed played an outstanding game for the entire contest and figured in the opening goal as well as the winning one. A real digger, and for his size he certainly lets the rest of the team know he is there for good. Nice work Ed. The referees for the game were Al Corrie and Take Two Fox. The linesmen, Delarosabel and DeForest.

Sunday, Dec. 9th.

Once again the Blackpool and United teams clashed and United sneaked out a 2-1 win. This game was identical to the one on Saturday afternoon. A dandy from start to finish, with not a single player having to go to the sin bin for fractions of the constitution. Bitterly fought, the teams played both great defensive and offensive soccer. This was due to the fact that the teams are nearing the playoffs and they are trying to get their positions determined as early as possible. After this weekend a list of the entire schedule will be published and the results of the seasons play will be published. The scoring in the game was Rodgers from a breakaway, and Maggie McGregor from Kolba, for the United team. For Blackpool it was Moe Fero from Joe Lowery. The star of the game goes to Kolba. Due to Garry Harding's departure via the ticket route, Kolba is the new manager of the United team. He played a fine two way game and he was instrumental in the winning goal. When it comes to teams have a big gun in a line-up this is the kind they like to have. After the season is over, this guy is going to be a real outstanding candidate for the Most Valuable Player Award. The referees for the game were Corrie and Isenberg, the linesmen Gregoire and Delarosabel.

Saturday, Dec. 15th.

This game was the deciding one in so far as the playoffs are concerned. The winners of this game would go on to meet the first place Arsenal for the championship. It was between the United and Ranger teams and it was the game of games. When the game was about to start the odds were six to five and pick them, however, the game was no sooner under way, when the odds soared to ridiculous heights, in favor of the United team. They played fine soccer and although the Ranger team passed well and played together as a team should, they were not successful around the United team's net and as a result they failed to click in as far as the goal department is concerned. The final score of the game was 5-2 for the United squad and even though the score would indicate a run-away for the United mob it sure wasn't. Scoring for the United team was, Houska, McGregor from Sullivan, Sullivan, Antone from McGregor, Kolba on a penalty shot, and Jim McGregor from Joe Sullivan. For the Rangers it was Scott from Hiesel and Chip Chapelle on a penalty shot. The star of the game goes to Jimmy McGregor for his fine play and his terrific hustle throughout the entire game. Jim has been a big real spark plug since joining the team and he has put a lot of heart into the hustle department. For the entire eighty minutes, Jim ran from end of the field to the other and never once did he show signs of weakening. It was a big victory for him and the team and we are looking forward to the final game of the season between the league leaders and this fine ball club. One thing is for

certain. Providing the United team plays as well as they did in this game, they will make it real rough for even a team from across the waves.

Tuesday, Dec. 25th.

Final game. Arsenal vs United for Championship

At last the final game of the soccer season is over. It was built up to be a dandy game and it was just that. It was a clean game with no visits to the sin bin for the Arsenal men and but two penalties handed out to the United mob. For fifteen minutes the game was fast and furious. End run after end run was the most outstanding thing in the game. Each member of both teams gave his all and as a result the United team came out with a thrilling one to nothing win. The marksmen for the United gang was the old faithful Joe Houska. It was a dribbler from about eight feet in front of the net and it didn't look like it would hit the net. It just made it to the goal post and ricoched into the goal. It was a big goal and turned out to be the winner. The men in the game who officiated the off-sides and the out of bound lines, were Fox (referee) and linesmen Delarosabel and Belbin. It was very difficult to pick a star in this game as everyone gave his all. I did pick one man over the rest and I think he played a splendid game. That person is Joe Houska. Just converted to a forward in the last five games, he showed real hustle and fine sportsmanship for the entire game. He scored the winning goal and as a result gave the championship to the better team. Nice going you United guys, and from all the Arsenal players we say thanks for the fine game and the sportsmanship that prevailed throughout.

This is the last writing as far as soccer is concerned. I will run down the final standings and the leading scorers as soon as commissioner John Fox prepares them. I have been asked by the managers of all teams and the players on them, to thank the commissioner for the fine job he has done since he took over the reins. Also for the fine chores the linesmen and the referees have done over the long cold grind. Without them we would be a crazy mixed up mass of soccer players. Thanks to all for their fine efforts for this season. I would like to dedicate the following poem to each and every member of the prison soccer teams. Of my own creation, it goes like this:

The Soccer Season Ended.

The United team and Blackpool,
The Rangers and Arsenal too,
Were soccer units chosen
When the schedule started new.

The managers were Garry,
Also Jim and Ralph and Ted,
And the angles they were shooting
Would sure mix up your head.

They took the field to be shattered,
Though they fought both hard and clean,
They're clothes were torn and tattered,
And the looks they threw were mean.

One team was fairly strong,
Another full of fight,
A certain team done nothing wrong
The other, nothing right.

We enjoyed ourselves in every game,
We were there right till the end,
May we have as good a gang next year
And to all, my thanks, I send.

** ** ** **

Elsewhere in the world of sports, we at the Bay witnessed the monstrosity in the East and the West Shrine game. Once again the money men made the East the favorites and even backed them up with odds yet. For the first twenty seconds of the initial quarter it was a fine game and then the West took control of the ball and the game and for the remainder of same, it looked as though the East were being taught the finer arts in every department. The West, noted for its brutal, bruising ground attack, smashed the Eastern line time and time again for a major score. On the other hand the Easterners made MINUS ten yards on their ground smashes. And the Rifle Etch, just couldn't click. His pass receivers got nothing all day. He was thrown for big losses and had his passes knocked

down on several occasions. On the other hand Tripucka played a fine game. He faked, ran and passed with perfection. Nearing the end of the game the Hamilton QB was sent in to take charge of the big East team and it seemed as though they were going to start moving when the West came up with a big interception and left the Easterners gasping for air. The final score of the game was 35-0 for the West. One thing is for sure. Win or lose, the kids came out a winner.

At the start of the hockey season I went out on a limb and picked the positions for the NHL standings. They went like this: Montreal, Detroit, Toronto, Boston, New York and Chicago. Now after two months of the season has been played we find the Bruins away up on top of the league and the Leafs away down in fifth position. Montreal, after a slow start are about to take over the league leadership. They have been plagued with injuries up to now and had stars like the Rocket and Boom Boom Geoffrion out of action. Both had minor surgery on their elbows and are now back in action. Dickie Moore is playing fine hockey as is the Pocket Rocket Beliveau of course is phenomenal and at the present time is leading the league in the scoring department. Detroit is playing fine hockey and the team is getting great goal tending from young Glen Hall. Howe is having one of his finest seasons in the NHL and Lindsay after a rather slow start is starting to hit his stride. Toronto, currently in the number five spot in the race, has been hurt severely with the loss of some of their better players. Even Teeder Kennedy is talking about a comeback in an effort to try and help his old team mates. When and if this team gets clicking again at full strength, they will soar to a better position than the one they now hold. Boston is the team I know, is surprising everyone. They are showing fine team work, great goaltending in the person of Terry Sawchuk, fine defensive moves on the part of Mohns and Flaman and spectacular coaching on the part of Milt Schmidt, (of the once famous Kraut Line). New York is the same as last year. Everyone on the team is working under the terrific handicap. Either they produce or be demoted to the junior ranks. Little Gump Worsely is holding a few of them from going to the minors and yet firey Phil Watson is threatening the little fellow. Afraid if they let him go they might as well fold up for the rest of the season. The Chicago Blackhawks are still the cellar dwellers as they have been for the past several years. They have a lot of kids and a couple of old veterans mixed in together. So far they have not clicked around the opposing net and are over due to break out in a rash of goals. Hergishimer, Watson, Litzenburger and Bionda are playing great hockey. The old standby, Al Rollins, is a steady as ever but regardless of how good a netminder you are just got to have a little defence of some kind in front of you. Well that wraps up the NHL for another month and I will still go with my original picks as the final standings in the NHL.

Couldn't leave out the fact about the CKLC's and their latest effort in the Senior A League. Just lately Hub Macey has been made the Captain and Joe L. (can't spell his last name) has been made the coach. They have won their last two outings in fine style and the last appearance they made against Whitby showed the fans, some 2400, they are starting to click as a team. They have recently obtained Bucky Buchanan from the Quebec League and he has been adding the scoring punch the team has needed for a long time. Good listening on the radio too, when they are winning eh John?

In the fistic world there are a few changes in the ratings in a lot of the divisions. Just recently in the heavyweight division we witnessed the crowning of the youngest heavyweight champion in the history of the ring, in the person of Floyd Patterson. Shortly after this battle (?) we listened to another young heavyweight battler who will have to be recognized soon as a leading contender for Patterson's newly won title. That man is Eddie Machen, who, on his last outing, punch and punished the Detroit sensation, Johnny Summerlin. This Machen guy has won nineteen fights, fourteen via the KO rout. He has never been defeated, with his biggest knock out being over the clumsy Cuban, Nino Valdes. In the Light Heavy department, Gordon Wallace, the Canadian Battler was belted out of the title picture. Two minutes of the first round was all that was needed for Tony Anthony to rid himself of the Brantford Boy, who rose to fame in the listings with a couple of wins over in London England. In the middleweight division we heard the old master back in action when Joey Giardello flattened Bobby Boyd in the fifth round of a ten round do. Giardello not only flattened him, but broke his jaw in the process. After the Boyd fight, he met one of his former opponents, Rocky Castalani and beat him in ten. Shortly after that he made a punching bag out of Charley King Cotton the man who beat him twice before his victory over Boyd. Giardello will certainly be heard from in the very near future. Still in the middleweight division, we see the big fight between Robinson and Fullmer is over and the kid from Utah won a fifteen round decision. It wasn't the kind of fight we figured it to be and the once great machine, "Ray Robinson" was content to hold and rest whenever the opportunity presented itself. In the fifth round the Sugar was hit a powerful (?) right to the midsection and he hit the deck for the second time in the long career of his 142 fights. The challenger was not the best mixer in the world and he was content to rush in and lay on his opponent. The fight itself was a little dull for the listeners and we hope we don't get stuck with that announcer for the rematch. The return bout calls for a meeting within ninety days and each fighter is to receive thirty percent of the total gate receipts. Got to go with the Sugar Ray if he fights him again. Up in the heavyweight picture, they are preparing a fight for the new champ, Floyd Patterson. The IBC has matched Baker and Carter, Machen and Maxim and the winner of these fight each other. The winner of this one will have to fight the Hurricane to get at Patterson. The Hurricane recently won a split decision over Julio Mederos. Our pick for the best of this gang is the energetic Eddie Machen. This kid has got the artillery and with the proper handling, could go all the way to the top.

Now to get to the spring training in the major leagues. Next month will see the clubs hitting their respective training camps and the rookies and the veterans will be out there giving it all they got. One club in particular, will be the most watched team of the spring. The Dodgers. This club, the pride of the National League for the past few years, are the ones who will be doing most of the trading. The old pros of the club might have to work real hard to stop some of the potential greatness of a couple of the rookies. Don Demeter and Charlie Neal are a since to stick with the club this year and for these real hustlers to stay with the team it will mean the axe for some. The Yanks are still the powerhouse of the American League. The teams I feel will give them the most trouble this year is Detroit, and Boston. Mantle and Berra are the guns and if anything should ever happen to them, it would mean that we would have another representative when the world series time rolled along. Not that it matters though as the Bums are the ones to beat again this year and they have the Yankee killer back in the person of Johnny Podres. We just got the list of the final standing in the prison soccer league and the results are as follows.

Team	Player	Goals	Assists	Total Pts.	Pen in Min.
Arsenal	McLean	15	6	21	4
Arsenal	Dorigo	7	11	18	8
Blackpool	Lowery J.	7	4	11	12
Rangers	Heisel	6	5	11	4
Rangers	Chappelle	8	2	10	2
United	Harding	5	5	10	14
Blackpool	Bell	6	4	10	10
Arsenal	Tessier	6	3	9	4
Blackpool	Major	5	3	8	6
Rangers	Turner	3	4	7	6

Miles Simpson won the best goal against award, with a average of 1.92 per game.

The final league standings for the year were:

Team	G	W	L	T	GF	GA	Total Points
Arsenal	14	10	2	2	37	21	22
Rangers	14	6	7	1	28	26	13
United	15	6	9	0	24	39	12
Blackpool	15	5	9	1	30	34	11

The semi finals for the year were between Rangers and United. The United team won it 5-2.

In the finals the United and the Arsenal team met for the championship and the United mob squeezed out a 1-0 victory to close off the soccer for the season. The most valuable player and the best in the other departments will be published as soon as they are made possible for print. The commissioner has informed me they will have them for the next issue for sure. Right now I must take time out to say thank you to all who made the winter months a little easier to shake. The men who took part in the soccer schedule played in some rough weather and very hazardous conditions. All who watched the games from the sidelines enjoyed them and they never seemed to mind the weather as long as the game was a good one. The referees were very good this year and although we all criticized at times and also done a lot of moaning and groaning we all appreciate the way they handled the games. The linesmen were fair and they went all out to make it a fine season. See you all next year and next thirty.

EDITORIAL MUSINGS

I would be most grateful if you could tell your people of this scheme, and if you could send to me as many as possible of the back issues of your institution's magazine, as well all those appearing before August 1st, 1957. If there are any charges please advise. All correspondence should be addressed to me at Brampton, Ontario.

Australia, the United States, etc. are all part of this and it should be a good book.

Thank you for your help, and please let me know if you require further details.

Yours sincerely,
Anthony Frisch.

Continued from page 2

This communication is self-explanatory, and while we have complied with Mr. Frisch's request and forwarded him back copies of the magazine, we realize—as do you fellows—that these past copies, for various reasons, do not contain some of the best writing talent among you. We have already beseeched you to submit your thinking in writing, and we are again expressing the hope that you will let us have something from you. This enterprise launched by Mr. Frisch is certainly vast and far-reaching in scope, and can help to reap much benefit to inmates, individually and collectively.



Radio Ramblings



Rick
Windsor

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FOR this month we amble back through the years and grab up a few of the "old-ies" from the music world. Songs seldom heard of except on rare occasions. Records which have been left to gather dust, warped because of uncouth use, replaced by blatin' be bop and ridiculous rock n roll. The closest thing to rock n roll in those days was the Dorsey Boogie. Certainly not to be compared with the Elvis Presley of today. People everywhere, stalking to see this present day "king of swing", when a few years ago he would have collected less than a handful of followers. For readers that feel as I do, music by Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, the fabulous Dorseys and many others will never, and I repeat, never be equalled. Singers like Peggy Lee, Doris Day, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Nat "King" Cole are heard from only on an odd occasion and then it is by some disc jockey who refuses to be overthrown by the present day "music-makers". In place of these vocalists and band leaders we are swamped with the likes of Elvis Presley, The Crows, and the Platters to name a few, roaring raucous records over the various air waves. Where did they go, these people of the past? The entertainers who made the music world what it is today? Some have left our midst. Others have grown old and sit back to reap the harvest of their gains. Still others continue to plug on and on in an effort to revive the music everyone seems to have forgotten. Remember the ex-barber Perry Como? Songs like "It Had To Be You", "Time On My Hands" and the lovely "Prisoner Of Love" were among his many favorites. How about Bing Crosby and his "White Christmas" Imagine one of our present vocalists attempting to sing this lovable old Christmas song. Frank Sinatra was known to countless millions as the teen-agers

'Frankie Boy'. Did he shake and fall apart every time he sang a number? No! Maybe a gentle groan or a simple sigh left his trademark on the song but never a shake, rattle and roll effect. Today, Frank Sinatra is one of the top vocalists in the country. Will these other be bop a roonies be around in another ten or fifteen years? Sinatra's "Laura", "I Love You" or his "The Moon Was Yellow" are easy to listen to. Smooth, mellow, relaxing. And Peggy Lee. A torch singer, sure, blues also. Recordings of "Lover" still sell by the thousands, and she is supposed to be on the forgotten list. Who can deny Doris Day, Kay Starr, Dinah Washington, Lena Horne or Buddy Clarke? What about the famous Ol' Satchmo, Louis Armstrong? An all-time great in the entertainment world. And the bands from yesteryear! Artie Shaw and his clarinet for instance. Did you ever hear him play "Begin The Beguine"? How about "Stardust" or Count Basie and his Boogie? Not the boogie of today but the sounds of twenty years ago. Music that made you feel like dancing —tunes that made you relax. Name it and they played it in the good old days. Am I prejudiced to Rock 'N Roll? Lets just say I appreciate good music and when I listen to the radio now I almost go into convulsions. I do enjoy a programme titled 'Jazz Unlimited' from a Toronto station. I rate the one and only Stan Getz as the top saxophone man of this era, although my favorite happens to be the enlightening Earl Bostic. Lionel Hampton and his vibes are tops in my book. Progressive jazz is not for my ears. My favorite music is the 'blues.' The queen of these is the dynamic Dinah Washington. Joe Williams is tops of the male vocalists in this department. I enjoy Billie Holliday no end and the electrifying Ella Fitzgerald simply amazes me with her

Am I Sorry?

Joe Sullivan

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AM I sorry? I ask myself this question many times a day—every time I am called a sucker and a fool. Why am I called a sucker and a fool? Because I ran away from where I was imprisoned so I could be sent here—to a penitentiary. Were I to leave my readers with this statement they would all probably be of the same conclusion—he is a fool. But I am going to tell you my story, and at its finish let you decide whether or not I have accomplished something. It is not a pretty story, and it is not related to draw your sympathy: rather, it is a tale which I hope may start you thinking. It is a story which I hope may save other young men from my fate. It is a story from my heart.

On October 15th, 1953 I was sentenced to twelve months definite and twelve months indefinite. I was sent to the usual type of institution where such sentences are served, and successfully served the determinate part of my sentence: I was then released on parole to do the indeterminate portion. Had I reformed—had I learned my lesson—would I now help myself? Let me re-phrase that please—had I been reformed—had I been taught anything—had I been helped?

FORTY-SIX DAYS after my release I was back in the same place, serving thirty additional months for breaking and entering.

I am not one to blame other people for my plight, nor am I doing that here. By the same token, if I do not choose to excuse myself, should the system be excused under which, as I understand it, I was to be helped? Was I in an institution for punishment **ONLY** or did the sentencing authority not have in his mind a combination of deterrence, reformation and rehabilitation? I lean to this belief. For chronological sequence I lay before you what happened from my introduction to incarceration to the time of writing.

When I first ran afoul of the Law, I was sixteen, and when I was committed I had just turned seventeen. As part of my indoctrination I appeared before a work board and they asked me what I had in mind. I told them I had already enrolled for night-school classes to further my education and would like to learn the plumbing trade if it were possible. I

was informed that I had too much time to be on the plumbers and to reappear before them when I had six months left to serve, at which time they would reconsider my request. I told them I did not feel that six months was sufficient time to learn properly and asked if they would, not make a special concession now. I was told that I was not there to do what I wanted to do, and disposed of by being placed in the tailor shop. Here I sewed ends on sheets. Things did not work out well as I was completely disinterested in my work.

One night while lying on my bed I scratched my name on my arm with a safety pin, and for this I was placed on charge. I was told I was incorrigible and, as punishment, transferred to the main work party, better known as the Bull Gang—for an indefinite period of time. The buller is a gang of youths who push wheelerbarrows filled with dirt and rock up and down a long hill all day long. I failed to see any merit in this type of work, but if that is the overall plan to straighten out incorrigibles, so be it.

Do you feel a boy of seventeen—any boy—can be correctly classified as incorrigible? Remember—“No sun has set to rise no more.”

I turned from bad to worse. I became bitter and my heart was filled with hatred for everyone who supervised me—my mind was turned against anything and everything which represented authority. I brooded and became moody—I was obsessed with one idea—to become a good thief. For eight months I was on the buller, digging, dragging, dumping—sullen, surly, scheming.

In this frame of mind I appeared before the parole board—in this frame of mind I was granted parole—in this frame of mind I was released to society. I had no trade, but I had no terror. I had no confidence nor had I compassion, I was handicapped but I was hating.

After my release I got a job in a cafe scrubbing pots and pans for \$22.50 a week. For two weeks I stuck it out, then quit—to steal. Within a few weeks the inevitable happened, I was back in jail—the same jail—doing thirty months. Again I appeared before the work assignment board and they asked me how

much time I was doing. When I replied to their question they asked me could I do it. I told them yes but they expressed a contrary opinion. It argued ill for my future, but they were right this time.

Trouble didn't seek me, I sought trouble, and found it. I was locked up for sixty days, released, and got into more trouble. As punishment for this second escapade I was put on a reduced diet for three days. Perhaps an empty stomach promotes activity in the brain, for it was during this period that I formulated my plan to run away.

Bear with me if I sound facetious, but it was snowing one day, heavily, and my wheelbarrow and I happened to be together in a field. We parted company with alacrity and I raced away across the meadows. My freedom was ended three hours later with recapture.

When I appeared in court to be sentenced for escaping custody I beseeched the judge to send me to the penitentiary where I could learn a trade. The hearing was brief and so was his contemplation, but I am sure the entire tragic background was lucid to him. I received an additional two years to the thirty months I was serving, and was consequently sent to the penitentiary. From this penitentiary I am relating my story, and it is just about finished. The conclusion is the happy part of this narrative.

Since entering the penitentiary I have been in trouble, but as of now, trouble is in the past — and will remain there. The emergence of the man I hope to be has been slow and not without setbacks, but the first steps have been taken and I am determined to go ahead. In the past I needed help and it was withheld, in the present I need help and it is forthcoming. for the future I hope to extend help—that is

the burden of my story.

In the penitentiary I asked for a trade and got it. I am now taking barbering and believe I am doing well. It is a good, clean trade. I enjoy the work, and when I am again a free man, can look forward to reasonably good financial return for my efforts. I respect the guard under whom I work and have received help from others. I am requested to do, not commanded: instruction is coupled with explanation: criticism is constructive, not destructive.

I am only nineteen now and will be twenty-one when I get out—a man. A new man. I will still have my lifetime ahead of me and I shall enjoy those years all the more because of the ones I have wasted. But wait, have they been wasted? One of the reasons I am called a fool and a sucker is because I added two years to those I already carried as a mortgage. In my case I know that the long way home will be the shortest route to happiness. The bitterness has gone from heart and when I leave this time, it will be for good. I realize that had I not run away from the other place I would be getting out right now, but I got out of there once before—only to return. I repeat, this time it will be different.

With my trade as my companion on discharge I can face the future with hope and confidence. I am sorry for the trouble I have caused those I love and who love me, but they can face my future with pride, not pain. Nobody gets all the good breaks and nobody gets all the bad. I got sick and tired of making trouble for myself and decided to do myself some good. I have read of many people who, for a fresh start, would give a lifetime. It has only cost me two years.

Am I sorry? Next question, please.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

soft, smooth style. These are the blues I refer to and I hope I have a few followers, as I have left myself open for much criticism, but I have spoken as I feel and have talked about the music I love to hear. Western music I have no use for. It is not for me. Our present day Hit Parade is not to my liking. Maybe many will not agree with me but if I have just one follower, I will be happy. Maybe some of my readers will cross Radio Ramblings off their reading list. When I want to relax I listen to Como, Sinatra, Day, Lee and a few others.

Continued from page 24

When I want to go into convulsions I will turn on the Elvis and go into my tantrums. Do I like Elvis Presley? Oh man, how you sound.

You will notice we have departed from our usual style of featuring a vocalist or musician as the star of the month. Which do you like better? We would certainly be more than pleased to hear from you in this regard. This is your magazine, and we aim to please the readers and not so much ourselves.

★ About A Committee ★

Wm. Huddlestone

I know, as do most of you who have been here a while, that the Committees of the past have, for the most part, been one big flop. There are many good reasons for this, and if they did fail, we, the inmate population, are just as much to blame as the men we elected—if not more so.

In the past it has always been a lead pipe cinch for the man who was well known among us to be elected to the Committee, but this has proved to be the big mistake. There are many good heads in our midst who would not — and could not — make good Committee members: this has been proved many times. Please note the list and record below:

J. Isenberg	Resigned
D. McLean	Resigned
S. O'Brien	Resigned
R. Roberts	Resigned
H. Snider	Active

These men were chosen by us in February 1956 to represent us and to present our problems to the administration. Let us consider them individually.

Jake was elected because he was a ball player and the men felt sure he would do a great deal to give us better ball at The Bay. I think he could have had he not been playing himself. He just didn't have the time to devote, so the result—a resignation.

Donnie came next, an all-round sport and ball player—a good guy, mind you, but not for the Committee. Another resignation.

For the boys on Hobbycraft there was Slim O'Brien. From the time he was elected he did nothing but resign.

The next man resigned but only after doing

a real bang-up job. He spent his entire summer in the pop shack and did more than his share of work on the ball diamond. His resignation came only after he was not supported by certain other members when he started to clean up a situation adversely affecting the inmate population.

The one remaining man of the original five elected is Red Snider. This was Red's second shot at the Committee, and the first time he ran, opposition was placed in his path because certain inmates did not feel he had been among us long enough to know the problems of this institution from the population's angle, nor how to cope with them. When the new election rolled around, Red's name again appeared on the ballot and there was no bloc of opposition. Red made it with flying colours. Since his election he has worked very hard and earnestly, and among the many things he has secured for us is Cinemascope on a brand new screen. His latest work is represented by an ice skating rink. This has been built by him with no help, and take it from me, it was cold out there flooding it.

Now we are again at the time of year to sit down and pick new men to replace those who have finished rather fruitlessly a rather fruitless year. I hope this year the men in The Bay have enough sense to elect men who are able to do the job they are elected to do, rather than vote a man in because he is well known. I have spent some time trying to figure out who I would like to represent me as a Committee, and frankly, it is going to be rough this year. There are enough men here, though, and with a little careful thought on your part, I know we can come up with a good bunch, and let us give them a little support this year and less abuse.

I know the first vote on many of the slips will be one redhead, Harvey Snider.

Don't be too anxious to show off — your friends will have no difficulty in discovering your virtues, if you have any.

Many people will tell you that there is nothing wrong with them — it's the world that's all wrong! Everything would be alright if only the world would come round to seeing things their way.

MONTHLY REPRINT

Editor's Note: *The following article, reprinted from the K.P. Telescope, is written by Gail Western, female editor of this penal magazine. Miss Western's article is so topical of the problems facing all ex-prisoners that we feel it could be reprinted to advantage by all penal magazines.*

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Passport to Freedom?

THE day of September 10th began here in Kingston Penitentiary in the usual routine manner, but before noon, the news of a parole had spread throughout the building with such impact that scarcely a dry eye could be found. Paroles being rather the exception than the rule, was reason enough to cause a buzz of excitement, but this was an extra special occasion. Had the Warden handed parole papers to every girl in the institution, the expressions of relief and joy could not have been more exuberant.

This was no ordinary parole. This was a passport to freedom for a girl with ten years of prison life behind her. Years which mere words are inadequate to express but which can best be described by one word — heartache. Heartache born of misfortune, and nurtured by anxiety, hoping and waiting. But nevertheless, years lived with such courage and cheerfulness that she was an inspiration to all who were near her. And now her courage and patience were to be rewarded. She had received her parole. Her debt (and to us who knew her, it was a very questionable debt) was paid. Once more she was to return to the same society that had sentenced her to life imprisonment in Kingston Penitentiary.

As we watched her during the days preceding her actual release and saw her come alive with sheer happiness, we could not but wonder just what the future held for this woman.

Very helpful efforts were extended by the Elizabeth Fry Society by way of a "pre-release" program, to help this girl prepare for the overwhelming shock of freedom after ten years. This program included shopping trips downtown, looking at things she had never seen before, afternoon tea with members of the E. Fry Society, or just driving in a modern car, viewing the outside world that had changed for her so drastically. But in time, she would grow accustomed to the modern stores, the streamlined automobiles, and accept the

changes in this fast moving world of today.

But how had society changed for her? Has its ideas become modernized along with the stores and automobiles? Surely, with such progress in every other field, society could not have remained dormant in changing its ideas about prisoners.

In this age of much discussed penal reform, the word rehabilitation holds a prominent place. Let us take a look at this magic word. What exactly is its meaning? According to Webster's Dictionary, rehabilitation means — to restore to former conditions or standing, or, to reinstate. If one will thoughtfully ponder this definition in its true light, it can readily be seen just where the responsibility of rehabilitation lies. Does it lie with the unfortunate individual who has served a prison term and thereafter is classed as a criminal? Or does it lie with the majority as rightfully it should, who have so far escaped the many tragedies of life which invariably are instrumental in fashioning the lives of those deemed by society as criminals?

Could it be that, too often, the word reform is confused with that of rehabilitation? Reformation of a person's way of thinking and living are dependent entirely on the individual. No one can do that for us — we must do it for ourselves. But how can the individual who is desirous of being accepted by society and to live by society's code be "reinstated" by anyone but society? A man or a woman with a prison record can not be restored or reinstated alone. Help is needed.

That is where Mr. and Mrs. General Public enter the picture, and the picture cannot be completed unless they do enter it. Is society willing to accept in good faith the ex-prisoner who asks nothing more than to live and be treated in the same normal fashion you have undoubtedly been accustomed to all your life?

What are YOU, Mr. and Mrs. Society, will-

KORNEY KORNER

"Is your daddy home, Sonny?"

"No, sir. He hasn't been home since mother caught Santa kissing the maid.

Little Sully, when he was a kid, received a new drum for Christmas, and shortly thereafter, when father came home from work one evening, mother said: "I don't think that the man upstairs likes to hear little Joe play his drum, but he is certainly subtle about it."

Father: "Why?"

Mother: "Well, this afternoon he gave Joe a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside his drum."

Freddie S. was on a mountain tour one day and the guide took him close to a sheer precipice. Mindful of the safety aspect, Freddie remarked: "This seems to be a very dangerous spot. It's a wonder they don't put up a warning sign."

Guide: "Yes, it is dangerous, but they kept a warning sign up for two years and nobody fell over, so they took it down."

The following exchange of conversation was heard the other day in the Change Room.

Ken B.: "How do you like working on the books and the typewriter?"

Mark: "Oh, he's not so bad, but he's kind of bigoted."

Ken B.: "How do you mean, bigoted?"

Mark: "Well, he thinks words can only be spelled one way."

When Tony Del. moved back into the city a few weeks ago, he had an argument with the chap he had managed to round up to do his cartage service. He told him that he would not pay the bill until a statement had been submitted. The next day he received this account. "Six comes and six goes, at six bits a went, \$9.00."

"Danny" the teacher asked, "what is a synonym?"

"A synonym" said Danny, "that is a word you use when you can't spell the other word."

Mike R. received the glad tidings in a telegram: "Hazel gave birth to a little daughter this morning. Both doing well."

On the message was a sticker, reading: "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

MONTHLY REPRINT

ing to do to help solve this problem?

Rehabilitation for the woman previously mentioned and thousands like her would cease to be a topic of conversation and become a living reality if those in whose power the rebuilding of lives rests would remember, that tragedy is no respecter of persons.

In closing, an old saying comes to mind. "When one door closes, another opens." The door of Kingston Penitentiary closed behind a brave and smiling woman. Has the door of society opened for her? Not just the door of society to an ex-prisoner, but the door of your hearts as one human being to another, a human being less fortunate than yourself?

PARADOX

Wm. F. Jones

66 **T**HE average convict emerging from prison faces a hostile world with a few dollars in his pocket, a prison made suit which he hates, and his emotions a mixture of hostility, resentment and fear. If he is lucky enough to be met by decent friends or relatives, he may, with time and patient understanding, regain a useful place in society. However, seventy seven percent of released men return to serve another sentence."

The above is a reproduction of the caption pre-ambing an article in a recent issue of the 'Weekend Magazine' entitled 'What Happens To An Ex-Convict,' and written by a Mr. Stanley Handman, 'Weekend' Staff Reporter.

As is general with all 'Weekend' articles, this one was lucid and penetrating, and of interest to those inside as much as those outside. However, one thought immediately presented itself, in the form of a question, and it was this. Is Mr. Handman aware that the time and money spent by him and 'Weekend' magazine in their laudable efforts to inform society of some of the reasons for the seventy percent failure rate is offset and most certainly counteracted by the efforts of his fellow writers in the daily nationals? That this is true is proven day after day when one takes a look at the vitriolic headlines in the newspapers. Three-inch and four-inch bold type is given to the rapist, the murderer, the repeater, but what size headline is given to the man who makes good? No size at all, for his name never appears in print.

The fact that his name never appears in print is not a point with which to take issue, but why, as soon as he transgresses, does his name and everything about him hit the front page? It is not world-shaking news to learn that a woman has been raped. Such things have gone on since man was man and woman wasn't — or isn't — man. Some stages of history show that such an act was indeed encouraged by the authorities. Murder, which is one crime that has perhaps never been condoned, is another act which, when committed, is not earth-shaking news. How, then, do the daily newspaper editors arrive at the conclusion that such acts demand such bold type and glaring headlines that the paper practically

screams from its stand and leaps into the pockets of the passers-by.

Is it felt that such reporting (and I use the word in the absence of a better one) will bring back the dead? uncommit the rape? undo the damage of the pervert? Editors are not considered that naive.

What concepts of justice, then, are they endeavouring to prove? I don't know, and if you asked them, neither would they. However, we do know that their catering to, and personal love of, the sensational, create much ill-will toward prisoners who, for all they know, are endeavouring to repair the damage that their particular crime has entailed.

As a result, how is the public supposed to react to the suggestion that prisoners be thought of as people and that therefore the accent in prison must be on rehabilitation rather than revenge? They can hardly be blamed if they do not know what to think, for they must feel that they are on the horns of a dilemma: one, the horn of cupidity, and the other, the horn of stupidity. They read of the time, money and effort expended by rehabilitating societies on the one page, and on the other they read of the necessity of putting the man away for life, which automatically in itself precludes any thought of rehabilitation.

Quite frankly I do not think the public is concerned one way or the other with matters of justice. They are paying taxes to have such matters taken care of, and if they are not satisfied with the system that they are providing for, then all they have to do is shed their apathy and attend to it at voting time.

I fail, therefore, to see why the newspapers are so hell-bent on sensationalizing crime albeit the public's apathetic acceptance of journalistic ethics (?) does nothing to discourage such glamourizing. What is gained by such methods? Certainly nothing constructive emanates as an aftermath of a newspaper report on some criminal act of particular repugnance. But much good could result, to all concerned, from articles such as Mr. Handman's — if they were not counteracted by mass-circulated articles of a purely destructive and moronic character.

It is not a sign of genius that one is able to deal an effective blow at a man when he is down, and if it is not desired by the daily nationals that a man be allowed to expiate his sins, then surely the man could be left alone.

Newspapers—the editors and writers, that is—do not hold their positions through Apostolic Succession, so why the daily and continual hue and cry for somebody's blood?

Quotations of Quality

From **THE MONTHLY RECORD**, November: "The basic element in a prison program geared to rehabilitation is trust. The discharged prisoner must have more than his normal share of self-confidence and sense of responsibility if he is to make good in society. There is no way to build a sense of responsibility in people except to trust them. And there can be no such thing as half trust of a prisoner. He'll spot it instantly and feel no further responsibility for measuring up to any high expectations. The simple fact is that the majority of prisoners can be trusted when they are given fair treatment. Next to trust, the most important element in prison administration is fair treatment. Really this is no more than the recognition of human rights and the application of what would be sound personnel practices in business. Prisoners respond to good management and fair treatment just as anyone else does."

From **THE INSIDE STORY**, November: "That is the trouble today. Too many people, and too many public officials, are satisfied with the old methods of penology. They seem to think that the old methods of confinement and enslavement, now in various modified forms, are still the most effective way to handle criminal offenders. It is this and many other equally stupid notions that are holding back progress — that are causing the whole country to be over-run by criminals, who are educated and multiplied in outmoded penal institutions: so why be timid and apologetic in our observations?"

From **TRANSITION**, December: "What sort of mental image does 'John Citizen' get when he hears or reads words like "prisoner" "convict" and "inmate?" Does he visualize a brutish lout devoid of all virtues whose sole interest is centered on evil and criminality? If so, he is wrong. For in prison, as in the outside world, all types are represented. There are many men in prison who compare favourably with the respectable citizen. Indeed, there are some whose mental outlook and moral character is such that they need not take a back seat to any man. Of course there is no denying that there are some unbelievable characters in this world: however, circumstances and environment can and do play strange and cruel tricks with human lives. The complexities of our social and industrial order plus the somewhat less than exemplary behaviour and moral

blindness on the part of some of the members of the silk hat mob — who set the examples — are in themselves sufficient to assure a steady supply of jailhouse and penitentiary customers. Just as an efficient city engineer can accurately predict the number of accidents on wet pavements, so can a qualified sociologist mathematically ascertain to the last victim the number of people who will falter and fall under a given set of social conditions."

From **THE OUTLOOK**, December: "Because a man gets along well in his place of incarceration does not mean that he is being rehabilitated. In most cases it merely indicates fear of consequences for a wrong act committed by the inmate! So he becomes 'joint wise' and avoids trouble because of that fear. This in turn if oftentimes mistaken for rehabilitation and the inmate is released: a potential inmate of another institution where the same routine will result in the same mistake once more. Reversed, the situation becomes almost as bad. An inmate is responding to rehabilitative treatment, yet the fact is not recognised by the custodians. They believe that he has merely become 'joint wise' and again and again his request concerning release and custody is either ignored or refused. So backward he goes and becomes what those in capacity have made him: 'joint wise.' His record jacket will be stamped "Impossible to rehabilitate — will not respond to treatment." So now the question arises: "Just how can we tell when an inmate is responding to rehabilitative treatment, or for that matter, will he?"

From **THE BULLETIN**, December: "Statistics proved that the ex-con who is helped by society will return the favour. The work in this line by The Osborne Association should be accepted by every community in the nation as the "what to do with the ex-con in the community." This association is one of the foremost in the field and a product of the work of the late Thomas Mott Osborne, the pioneering warden of Sing Sing who devoted his life to the changing of society's treatment of criminals. Out of the 15,000 that The Osborne Association has found employment for, only 14 have betrayed the trust that was placed in them. What a percentage: only 14 out of 15,000. Who said "You can't trust an ex-con?"

A husband asked the green Irish maid: "Can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?" and the maid hesitatingly replied: "To tell ye the truth, I believe they're in the wash."

Swain: "Darling, I want you for my wife."

Swoon: "Don't be silly, what would your wife do with me?"

Romancing with Music

by Ray Smith

MUSIC, bounding up from great depths, seemingly descends upon us from great heights or is reflected back from greater distances: music, with all its beauty, can but make us admire and respect the artists who give performances of merit. From our musical world come many stories and hallowed memories, all of which form interesting reading.

The origin of the lovely carol *Silent Night* dates to a broken-down organ in St. Nicholas Church in Oberndorf, Bavaria. On Christmas 1818, Oberndorf was snowbound and unreachable by any organ repairman. To meet the emergency of Christmas with no organ, Joseph Nohr, the church Vicar, sat down and composed the verses of 'Stille Nacht.' Franz Gruber, the St. Nicholas organist, immediately wrote the music, and this great Christmas Carol was sung at Midnight Mass.

Years later, the famed Tyrolean's family of folk-singers made the song known throughout Germany. The Tyroleans got the song from the repairman who fixed the St. Nicholas organ.

While still a student in school, Samuel F. Smith wrote *My Country, 'Tis Of Thee* on a scrap of paper in less than half an hour.

Now, to please our Dixieland fans, I would like to tell the story of a man who was the toast of jazz-lovers in the Nineteen Twenties, Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. Red played a mean cornet, and in his early days worked with such men as Hoagy Carmichael, Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden and Glenn Miller, his arranger. He also played in Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, *Strike Up The Band*, and *Girl Crazy*. Then, one day, Red Nichols mysteriously dropped from sight.

When Red's Band travelled, his wife Bobbie and his daughter Dorothy, then only a child, went with him. The irregular hours and constant travelling took their toll on the child's health: polio struck just after Dorothy's fifteenth birthday, and one doctor said she would never walk again. Red, who blamed himself, vowed never to play again until his daughter got well.

Red became a welder in a shipyard, and was sadly missed by jazz-lovers for some years.

Dorothy started to recover as the months rolled on, and she kept after her father to play for her: Dorothy, like all teenagers, wanted to hear some good old-fashioned Dixieland jazz. Finally, Red bought another cornet and after work at the shipyard, he would practice. When his lip came back, Red got together a small band and started to play for a hotel in Los Angeles. The word went out—"Red Nichols is back on the jazz circuit."

Red's big day came when he looked down from the bandstand and saw his Dorothy dancing. When he left the podium that night, Red was choking with emotion and full of happiness. Today Red is doing some TV shows, and has two fine grandchildren.

From our Canadian musical fraternity come many fine artists. Two of these artists who always give performances of merit are Betty Jean Hagen and Maureen Forrester.

Betty Jean Hagen, a Canadian violinist from Edmonton, Alberta, was voted *Woman Of The Year* in 1953: she is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. She has visited Europe and played with many fine orchestras there. In 1955 she won one of the most important music prizes in the United States, The Leventritt Award, and four months ago she made her debut with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall.

A newcomer to the Canadian *Woman Of The Year* poll in music for 1956 was the Montreal contralto, Maureen Forrester. Miss Forrester edged out the lovely and talented Lois Marshall of Toronto, who has held the spotlight in Canadian music for some years. Miss Forrester was the first Canadian singer to tour Europe in twenty-five years, and in 1956 she made a triumphal tour of Canada. She is a tall, beautifully-proportioned, auburn-haired artist, born in Montreal in 1931.

And so, in conclusion, let me remind everyone that we are all members of the three indispensable units which combine to make music great — composer, performer and listener.

"Music is a great disciplinarian: it makes people tractable and kindly disposed."..... Martin Luther.

BOOK



REVIEWS

by Douglas Morgan

THE GOOD SHEPHERD by C.S. Forester
A grand, exciting tale of convoy work during the last war, written by a man who knows ships, and loves the sea. Somewhat of the style of Monsarat (*The Cruel Sea*). *The Good Shepherd* vividly and accurately describes the depressing and tedious, dramatic and exciting lives led by those whose duty it was to ship food for war-machines and humans, fighting a last-ditch stand in defence of our way of life.

THE LONG SHIP by Frans G. Bengtsson
The actions of *The Long Ship* covers approximately the years A.D. 980 to 1010. The Vikings harried the countries of northern and western Europe more or less continuously for over two hundred years, from the end of the eighth century to the beginning of the eleventh. Most of their raids on western Europe were carried out by Danes and Norwegians, for the Swedes regarded the Baltic as their domain, and founded a kingdom in Russia at the end of the ninth century that lasted for three hundred and fifty years, until the coming of the Mongols.

Bengtsson writes with a wry sense of humour—for example, speaking of the 'shaven-men' from Saxon-land and from England who came to preach Christianity, he says: "Others (Christians) went northward to the Forest of Gooings where men were less religiously inclined: there, they were welcomed warmly, and were tied up and led to the markets of Smaland, where they were bartered for oxen and beaver skins...but the majority continued to denounce the gods and spend their time baptizing women and children instead of breaking stones and grinding corn, and made such a nuisance of themselves that soon it became impossible for the Gooings to obtain, as hitherto, a yoke of three-year-old oxen for a sturdy priest without giving a measure of salt or corn in the bargain. So feeling increased against the shaven-men in the border country." This book is history at its most exciting and will satisfy the curious and the adventure-some. We strongly advise you to add this book to your list of 'must' reading.

THE NIGHT AND THE HUNTER

by Davis Grubb

This is the ultimate in suspense-novels. Guaranteed to keep your heckles raised from the first page to the last, you will feel like lashing out at the two-faced, murderous villain, and your heart will bleed for the victims of his perverted hate.

The 'Preacher' selects his prey from among widows, particularly widows who have been left a little money. He is not sure whether he has murdered, with his razor-sharp knife, seven or fourteen of these unfortunate wretches. The Preacher is really not sure of anything except that all women are harlots and that he has been granted divine guidance—guidance in his vendetta against the scarlet women.

The book is concerned, primarily, with the latest victims to fall under the Preacher's influence—the widow of a man shortly hanged for murder—and her two children. Using his charm, of which he has considerable, he marries the woman—then the tragedy unfolds. This poor family suffers many hair-raising experiences before the night of horror is expelled.

An unusual theme, exceptionally well written. You will find that it is very entertaining.

Once there was a mean Army officer—he was rotten to the corps.



The C.B. Diamond,
Kingston, Ontario.

Please find enclosed the sum of One Dollar to renew my subscription to the C.B. Diamond. Look forward to every month and enjoy reading it.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Elizabeth Morrison,
Calgary, Alberta

Dear Mrs. Morrison:

Thank you kindly for your renewal subscription and we are very pleased that you enjoy reading our magazine. We sincerely hope you shall find it interesting in the months to come, and are most grateful for your moral and financial support.

The Staff

** ** *

The C.B. Diamond,
P.O. Box 190, Kingston, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

I have read with great satisfaction your monthly publication, The C.B. Diamond, for the month of October, 1956, and I would be pleased should you accept the enclosed \$1.00 as payment for one year's subscription to same, as from November, 1956. Thanking you in advance, I remain

Yours faithfully,
Mohamed A. El Soubki,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Dear Mr. El Soubki:

Thank you very much for your interesting letter and welcome subscription and we sincerely hope forthcoming issues will merit the confidence you have shown in our publication. The longhand notation has been shown to the author of the article to which you refer and he asks us to thank you for the compliment and information forwarded. We will appreciate any comment or criticism you may care to offer at any time.

The Editor

Messrs. The C.B. Diamond,
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:

I am sorry to have neglected my duty in allowing my subscription to expire. Herewith is my renewal of \$1.00 and an extra \$1.00 for the renewal of subscription to Mrs. T.A. Johnson. Later I will send you renewals for several other friends to whom I am sending the C.B. Diamond. They are Rev. & Mrs. E.L. Garvin, Dr. & Mrs. T.C. Holmes, Rev. W.R. Ashford. Do not stop periodicals to these: if you will trust me for a couple of weeks or so. Thank you, and with my best wishes to all at Collin's Bay.

Sincerely yours,
Edna L. Haines,
Toronto, Ontario.

** ** *

Dear Mrs. Haines:

Many thanks for your delightful letter and two dollars, and we have made the necessary entries in our records to assure continuance of the subscribers named in your letters. We shall endeavour to make our magazine increasingly more interesting and informative and justify the confidence placed in us by yourself and our many other outside readers.

Gratefully yours,
The Staff.

Editor, C.B. Diamond,
P.O. Box 190, Kingston, Ont.

Dear Sir:

Have enjoyed your magazine very much and would like to inform you of my change of address. Beginning with your next issue of the Diamond will you please forward it to..... Thanking you very much.

Yours truly,
Mrs. J. Terriah,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Dear Mrs. Terriah:

Thank you very much for your kind letter, and we have changed our mailing records appropriately. We sincerely hope you shall enjoy the Diamond in the coming months. Compliments of the Season to you and yours.

The Staff

** ** *

The C.B. Diamond,
c/o The Warden,
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

Kindly renew my subscription to the Diamond for one year. Enclosed is the sum of one dollar. Please note correct address is.....

Yours truly,
(Miss) Jeanne Mackay
Ottawa, Ontario.

Dear Miss Mackay:

Thank you very much for your renewal of subscription, and we have corrected our mailing address as requested. We are indeed sorry if you have been inconvenienced through our error. Trusting our efforts may continue to please you, we are

*Yours very truly,
The Staff*

** ** *

The Editor,
The C.B. Diamond,
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario

Dear Sir:

We have been receiving your magazine for a few months, and must say that we enjoy it very much. I am an employee of the Federal Government (Taxation Department). Unlike yourselves, we take it legally! Seriously, your

magazine is well read in our Department and to prove this, the editor of our own organ, the current issue of which is enclosed, has taken the liberty of re-printing some of your material. We publish quarterly, and will be pleased to mail you future copies. We take this opportunity to congratulate your entire staff for the time and thought that goes into making your publication the classic it is. We would also like to extend our sincere best wishes for the forthcoming year to everyone at Collin's Bay.

Sincerely,
(Mrs. Rita L.)

Dear Mrs. L.

Many thanks for your encouraging, kind and witty letter and as requested, we have changed your mailing address. We are highly flattered that our material has been reprinted, and that is as high a form of praise as we hope to receive. We will do our utmost to justify your confidence in us and shall endeavour to keep you interested. May we reciprocate your good wishes and say that we hope you may continue to take it legally in such chunks that we shall not be bothered by such a nuisance EVER being imposed on our capital gains — oh vain thought — accruing through devious methods.

*Yours sincerely,
The Staff*

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We take this opportunity of thanking our many new subscribers and those who have renewed subscriptions in the past three or four weeks. We shall thank these kind people by name in future issues.

WE CAN'T FACE YOU, BUT....

The Bridge Players

They say that bridge is a swell game,
Some think it wild, some think it tame,
But this is where Jim got his fame.
Everyone knows he masters the game,
I played with him, never mind my name,
For since then he hasn't been the same.
And it's for Jim that I feel sorry,
On account of me he lost his glory.
Too bad he had to fall like this,
Over a few little tricks that I would miss.
He would yell, and pull his hair,
He would look at me in great despair.
The game was certainly a disgrace,

You see, I placed a trump on his good ace.
Then I did a foolish thing,
I played my ace on his other king.
He said I was stupid, a silly goof,
Boy! did he ever blow his roof.
Then again, he played high—
Can you believe it, so did I!
I'd better quit, you've heard enough,
For on his good spade an ace I ruffed.
Now he won't play with me any more,
And I can't see why he should be sore.

Joe Sullivan



PENAL EXCHANGES

THE PENSCOPE, Moundsville, West Virginia:

We like "Make The Best Of It" by Joseph L. Blake. There is some sage thinking in this article, and we hope to see more from his pen.

THE RECOUNT, State of Colorado: "Society" by Walter Leigh is brief and to the point. We enjoyed reading it. Your cover is appealing and satisfying.

AGRICOLA, State of Ohio: Your December cover sets a goal to which all magazines may aspire. The contents of this issue are, as usual, excellent. We particularly mention the Editorial and "For The Love Of Christmas." We always look forward with pleasure and interest to receipt of your magazine.

JOLIET-STATEVILLE TIME, Joliet, Illinois:

Enjoyed your October issue from cover to cover and compliments are in order to Ralph Johnson for "The Grass Looked Greener." This subject has never been better presented in our opinion. Keep up the good work.

THE DRAPER INMATE, State of Alabama: Your Thanksgiving issue very fine. We take the liberty of reprinting your potent poem "But God, How We Look For A Flaw" elsewhere in this issue of our magazine.

THE HAWKEYE, Anamosa Men's Reformatory, Iowa: Enjoyed your December issue, as always, and look forward to each and every issue. Shall await your new bang-up job with keen anticipation.

THE PRESIDIO, Iowa State Penitentiary: Good cover, and your usual excellent contents. "There Are No Hardened Criminals" and "They Write Their Way Back" tell stories the public never hear in any other way. Everything in your December issue points up good taste and planning.

AGENDA, Washington State Penitentiary: We liked your cover and praise is certainly in order to Ralph Courtney. Your Editorial Comments are pungent and to the point, and "Let's Analyse" by Robert Calhoun makes very fascinating reading.

STRAY SHOTS, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas:

"Christmas Customs" by W.W. Green we have placed in our files to be used by some successor in future years — it is very informative and comprehensive. You did some hours of research on that one — thank you!

THE RESTORATOR, U.S.D.B., New Cumberland, Pennsylvania:

We enjoyed your Editor's Page and "Laffs" and are reprinting part of the latter elsewhere in this issue. "Oh Holy Night" by Taylor is excellent, so please give him our thanks. All in all we think highly of your mag and got a particular kick from your first comment on page 74. That's telling them, boy!

RAIFORD RECORD, Florida State Prison: When we saw your November-December cover we cursed our budget afresh! Congratulations on an outstanding job. "Christmas Caper" and "Luncheon Appointment" we enjoyed, also "You Can Stop Burning Now." Look forward to all your issues.

THE EAGLE, Federal Reformatory for Women, Alderson, West Virginia: Another handsome cover. "To The Prison Madonnas" is a touching article, well written. Enjoyed your magazine from cover to cover.

TERRESCOPE, U.S. Penitentiary, Terre Haute, Indiana:

Your Winter 1956 issue is something really worth having, from eye appeal to mental stimulation. You will certainly miss Herman Morgan's silk screen work. "Understanding" we enjoyed, and "Judge Not Lest Ye Be Judged" is similar to one we plan for February. From cover to cover, you rate high praise.

ISLAND LANTERN, McNeil Island, Washington:

Your December issue excellent. "Suspended Sentence" is — or should be — 'must' reading for certain people.

We wish to compliment ALL Penal Press Magazines for the originality and taste of their covers. Space does not permit individual mention but each one as received seemed to surpass the last one.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

Protestant Reverend Canon Minto Swan M.A., B.D., E.D.

Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 A.M.

Voluntary service the first Sunday in each month.

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

Roman Catholic Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confession followed by Holy Communion on Sunday, commencing at 7:30 A.M.

The Holy Sacrifice of The Mass at 9.00 A.M. Sundays.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of The Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in The Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church services.

Rabbi J. Bassan arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

Mr. Harry Birchall is organist and choir director.

There are many things to purchase
In the stores and marts of trade,
There is every sort of gadget
That the hands of men have made.
There are stamps and stoves and trinkets,
There are lands and motor car,
But you cannot purchase character,
Nor the beauty of the stars.
You can buy a type of prestige,
With a seat that's soft and high,
But things most worth having,
Loads of money cannot buy.
Common things like joy and laughter,
Little things like peace of mind
Are the values freely given,
To the true and good and kind.

Selected

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PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE

Less Than The Dust

*Less than the dust, beneath thy Chariot wheel,
Less than the rust, that never stained thy Sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, O Lord!*

Even less than these!

*Less than the weed, that grows beside thy door,
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee,
Less than the need thou hast in life of me.*

Even less than I.

*Since I, O Lord, am nothing unto thee,
See here they Sword, I make it keen and bright,
Love's last reward, Death, comes to me to-night,
Farewell.*

India's Love Lyrics.

The C. B. Diamond
P.O. Box 190,
Kingston - Ontario